A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

MASSINGER'S

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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INTRODUCTION.

OF Massinger's life we have but very scanty details. That he was born at Salisbury, possibly on the Wilton estate of the Pembrokes, is agreed upon by all his biographers. The date of his birth seems uncertain, for while Gifford states that this took place in 1584, Symonds speaks of his having been baptised on the 24th November 1583. His father, a man of gentle birth, was in the service of the Earl of Pembroke, though in what capacity has not been ascertained. In 1602 Philip, the son, was entered at St Alban's Hall, Oxford, but for some reason or other left it abruptly, in 1606, without taking a degree. By some it has been conjectured that, owing to his father's death, his means of support at the University then came to an end. Others, who credit the Herbert family with his maintenance there, surmise that the sudden severance of his connection with the University was due to his having become a Roman Catholic, and thus displeased his patron,—a surmise formed upon evidence of his religious views drawn from his plays, but supported by no proof. Whatever the cause, he in 1606 proceeded to London. As to his life there between that date and 1621 we are completely in the dark. In the latter year he is mentioned as the author of *The Woman's Plot*, now known to us as *A Very Woman;* but beyond this, the dates at which his plays

were licensed, and a few allusions to them, we have practically no information as to his career, though from first to last it was apparently one of hard and continuous struggling against poverty. His death took place March 17, 1638, and he was buried in Saint Saviour's, Southwark. Of his dramas, including *The Old Law* in which, if he had any part, he was assisted by Rowley and Middleton, nineteen still survive, while eighteen more known to be his have perished, some being lost, others having been destroyed by a cook of Mr Warburton's, into whose hands the MSS. had passed. He also assisted other dramatists of the period, more especially Fletcher, in thirteen or fourteen of whose plays a share is generally ascribed to him.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts was first published in 1633, but the date of its original appearance on the stage is uncertain. Popular in its author's lifetime, it is the best known of his surviving works, and with *A Very Woman* and *The Bashful Lover* probably exhibits the highest excellence to which, as a writer of comedy, Massinger was capable of rising. The plot of the piece, briefly told, is as follows:—Sir Giles Overreach, the hero in the sense that Satan is the hero of *Paradise Lost*, is an extortionate usurer who unites with his greed of money a fiendish exultation in the misery which he brings upon all who have dealings with him, and in treading to the ground those who have not the power or the courage to oppose him. At the same time he cringes with basest servility to his superiors in birth and position, and the great object of his life is to see his daughter united in marriage to a member of the aristocracy, Lord Lovell by name. At the opening of the play Frank Wellborn, a spendthrift to whose extravagances Overreach, his uncle, has ministered in order to defraud him of his landed property, is in conversation with Tapwell, an old servant whom in his better days he had set up in business as an ale-

house keeper. His money all gone, and his clothes in tatters, the prodigal now seeks a refuge with his old retainer, but, at the secret instigation of Overreach, is met by him and his wife with contempt and insolence. Amazed at their ingratitude, Wellborn is administering a vigorous beating to the husband, when his friend Tom Allworth comes upon the scene and begs mercy for the wretch. This Allworth is in love with Margaret, Overreach's daughter, and is loved in return, but knows that from the father there is not the slightest hope of his suit being entertained. Allworth's father is dead, and his step-mother, Lady Allworth, is leading a life of seclusion. At her house Wellborn, formerly a friend of her husband's, presents himself in his tattered attire, only to be jeered at by the servants and vehemently reproached by their mistress. Her wrath, however, gradually melts as he recalls the friendship formerly existing with her husband, and she is soon ready to assist his wants. This is not the object of Wellborn's visit, nor will he accept any assistance from her. What he desires is that she should, in Overreach's presence, receive him as a favoured suitor, and so enable him to carry out a plan he has of regaining some of the plunder which the usurer has got into his hands. Lady Allworth enters into the plot, the first step in which is to practise on the credulity of a certain tool of Overreach's, a scoundrelly pettifogger named Marrall, who has been employed with the object of tempting Wellborn either to suicide or to some desperate crime which shall forfeit his life, and so relieve Overreach from all danger of having his frauds discovered. Wellborn, accordingly, takes the lawyer to Lady Allworth's house, where they are entertained with lavish hospitality, and Wellborn received with such marks of affection, that his dupe, making no doubt of a marriage between them, determines to play false with Overreach, and disclose the villanies by which Wellborn had been cheated out of

his property, in the assured hope that he will thereby reap a reward much greater than he could ever expect from his niggardly and tyrannical employer. Wellborn's plot being so far advanced, we come to a scene in which Lovell is received at Overreach's country-seat in the character of a suitor for Margaret's hand. But here again the usurer is the subject of a stratagem planned between Lovell and his page. Lovell is to play the part of lover only in order to arrange for the elopement of Margaret with Allworth. A mighty feast has been prepared by Overreach, when, as the guests are about to sit down to it, Lady Allworth presents herself at the house. With her is Wellborn, to whom for her sake Overreach not only extends his hospitality, but supplies him with a thousand pounds to enable him to pay his petty debts and marry the widow, of whose wealth he hopes to make himself master through the prodigality of her husband. Meanwhile, Lovell's pretended courtship of Margaret has gone on so well that Overreach, in hot haste to secure a titled son-in-law, arranges to have the marriage performed at another country-house of his by a resident chaplain whose ready subservience will waive the usual legal formalities. Lovell and Margaret, the latter with pretended reluctance, assent to the arrangement, the plot of course being that Allworth shall take the place of Lovell. To this end Lovell tells Overreach that for family reasons he would prefer the wedding to be a private one, and that even his name should be concealed from the chaplain. The directions sent to that functionary are therefore in the words "Marry her to this gentleman," and Margaret, Lovell, and Allworth set out on their journey. In their absence Overreach, who has been tricked into the belief of a secret marriage between Lady Allworth and Wellborn, thinks the moment has come for demanding from the latter adequate security for his loan of a thousand pounds. Wellborn not

only refuses any such security, but demands the restitution of his paternal property now in Overreach's hands. The usurer in a furious rage declares that this property became his by a legal transfer. Wellborn denies this, and when Overreach producing the deed of conveyance triumphantly unrolls it, the parchment is found to have no writing on it. Marrall, who had engrossed it, is called upon by Overreach to testify to the agreement, but repudiates all knowledge of it, he, to repay Overreach for his constant abuse and indignities, having used an ink so made as to fade altogether after a short period of time. While Overreach is still raging at the trick put upon him, Allworth and Margaret return and confess their marriage. This is too much for the victim. Duped and baffled on all sides, he falls to the ground a hopeless maniac, and is conveyed to the lunatic asylum of Bedlam. Lady Allworth and Lovell have meanwhile become betrothed, and the play ends with Wellborn's obtaining a company in Lovell's regiment, his determination being to redeem his former wildness by gallant service in his country's cause.

As a comedy of manners the play justly ranks high, and the plot is worked out with all Massinger's customary elaboration of detail. The character of Overreach is powerfully delineated, though Massinger's virtuous indignation leads him to paint a monster more fitted for the lash of satire than for the comic stage. Such treatment is, no doubt, due to the fact that Overreach is the whipping-block for the notorious and execrated monopolist, Sir Giles Mompesson, whose villanies are again plainly indicated in *The Guardian*, ii. 3, and whose partner, one Michel, sat for the portrait of Greedy in our play. An extortioner, cruel, vindictive, scorning all purity of life and ridiculing all belief in religion, Overreach can hardly meet with any punishment too rigorous; and the baseness of his nature serves in a

To the Right Honourable

ROBERT, EARL OF CARNARVON,

Master Falconer of England.

MY GOOD LORD,

Pardon, I beseech you, my boldness, in presuming to shelter this Comedy under the wings of your lordship's favour and protection. I am not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in my service) that it cannot but meet with a severe construction, if, in the clemency of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for me, than I can fancy for myself. All I can allege is, that divers Italian princes, and lords of eminent rank in England, have not disdained to receive and read poems of this nature; nor am I wholly lost in my hopes, but that your honour (who have ever expressed yourself a favourer, and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle, to give me encouragement to present you with some laboured work, and of a higher strain, hereafter. I was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your lordship, which, if you please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I live shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble patron, and profess myself to be,

Your honour's true servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD LOVELL.
SIR GILES OVERREACH, a cruel extortioner.
FRANK WELLBORN, a Prodigal.
TOM ALLWORTH, a young Gentleman, Page to Lord LOVELL.
GREEDY, a hungry Justice of Peace.
MARRALL, a Term-Driver; a creature of Sir GILES OVERREACH.

ORDER, Steward AMBLE, Usher FURNACE, Cook WATCHALL, Porter	} to Lady ALLWORTH.

WILLDO, a Parson.
TAPWELL, an Alehouse Keeper.
Creditors, Servants, &c.

LADY ALLWORTH, a rich Widow.
MARGARET, Daughter of Sir GILES OVERREACH.
FROTH, Wife of TAPWELL.
Chambermaid.
Waiting Woman.

SCENE.—*The Country near* Nottingham.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.—*Before* TAPWELL'S *House.*

Enter WELLBORN *in tattered apparel*, TAPWELL, *and* FROTH.

WELL. No bouse? nor no tobacco?
Tap. Not a suck, sir;
Nor the remainder of a single can
Left by a drunken porter, all night palled too.
Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir.
'Tis verity, I assure you.
Well. Verity, you brache!
The devil turned precisian! Rogue, what am I?
Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.
Well. How, dog!
Tap. Even so, sir.
And I must tell you, if you but advance 10
Your Plymouth cloak you shall be soon instructed
There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,
A potent monarch called the constable,

That does command a citadel called the stocks;
Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen
Such as with great dexterity will hale
Your tattered, lousy——

Well. Rascal! slave!

Froth. No rage, sir.

Tap. At his own peril: Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and sure, for other liquor 20
As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.

Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!
Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell
Does keep no other register.

Well. Am not I he
Whose riots fed and clothed thee? wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?

Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;
What you are, is apparent: now, for a farewell, 30
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
My quondam master, was a man of worship,
Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and *quorum*,
And stood fair to be *custos rotulorum*;
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,
Relieved the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,
Late Master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn——

Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

Froth. Very hardly; 40
You cannot out of your way.

Tap. But to my story:
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under-butler; note the change now:
You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds,

With choice of running horses; mistresses
Of all sorts and all sizes;
Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing
(Resolving not to lose a drop of them),
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
For a while supplied your looseness, and then left you. 50
Well. Some curate hath penned this invective, mongrel,
And you have studied it.
Tap. I have not done yet:
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,
You grew the common borrower, no man 'scaped
Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman
To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches
In your gallantry.
Well. I shall switch your brains out.
Tap. Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here. 60
Gave entertainment——
Well. Yes, to jades and canters,
Clubbers by night——
Tap. True, but they brought in profit,
And had a gift to pay for what they called for,
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor income
I gleaned from them hath made me in my parish
Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time
I may rise to be overseer of the poor;
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter,
And you shall thank my worship.
Well. Thus, you dog-bolt, 70
And thus—— [*Beats and kicks him.*
Tap. [*to his wife*]. Cry out for help!
Well. Stir, and thou diest:
Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save you.
Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! did not I
Make purses for you? then you licked my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean them.

'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever
Thou could'st arrive at forty pounds thou wouldst
Live like an emperor, 'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!
Tap. I must, sir;
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all, 80
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor like you.
Well. They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper! impudent bawd!—
But since you are grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and tread you into mortar,
Nor leave one bone unbroken. [*Beats him again.*
Tap. Oh!
Froth. Ask mercy.

Enter ALLWORTH.

Well. 'Twill not be granted.
All. Hold—for my sake, hold.
Deny me, Frank! they are not worth your anger. 90
Well. For once thou hast redeemed them from this sceptre;
But let them vanish, creeping on their knees,
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.
Froth. This comes of your prating, husband; you presumed
On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,
Though you are beaten lame for't.
Tap. Patience, Froth;
There's law to cure our bruises.
[*They crawl off on their hands and knees.*
Well. Sent to your mother?
All. My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me, 100
That I cannot pay too much observance to her.

There are few such stepdames.
Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear
From the least taint of infamy; her life,
With the splendour of her actions, leaves no tongue
To envy or detraction. Prithee tell me,
Has she no suitors?
All. Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted; such as sue and send,
And send and sue again, but to no purpose:
Their frequent visits have not gained her presence. 110
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment: I can give you
A catalogue of her suitors' names.
Well. Forbear it,
While I give you good counsel: I am bound to it.
Thy father was my friend, and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee;
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it. 120
All. I thank your noble care; but, pray you, in what
Do I run the hazard?
Well. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.
All. In love, at my years!
Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.
I have heard all, and the choice that you have made,
And, with my finger, can point out the north star
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of Cormorant Overreach? Does it blush and start, 130
To hear her only named? blush at your want
Of wit and reason.
All. You are too bitter, sir.
Well. Wounds of this nature are not to be cured

With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain :
Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge
And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,
And dar'st thou dream of marriage ? I fear
'Twill be concluded for impossible
That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,
A handsome page or player's boy of fourteen 140
But either loves a wench or drabs love him ;
Court-waiters not exempted.
All. This is madness.
Howe'er you have discovered my intents,
You know my aims are lawful ; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions
Between the goodness of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl her father.
Well. Grant this true, 150
As I believe it, canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her whose father
Ruined thy state ?
All. And yours too.
Well. I confess it ;
True ; I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind thee)
That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his own too, 160
Will e'er consent to make her thine ? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.
All. You have well advised me.
But in the mean time you that are so studious
Of my affairs wholly neglect your own :
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Well. No matter, no matter.
All. Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune and my means; yet something
I can spare from myself to help your wants.
Well. How's this?
All. Nay, be not angry; there's eight pieces 170
To put you in better fashion.
Well. Money from thee!
From a boy! a stipendiary! one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother
And the uncertain favour of a lord!
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me—
Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred—know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy—
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer: 180
And as I in my madness broke my state
Without the assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus and be forgotten.
All. A strange humour! *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Lady ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL.

Ord. Set all things right, or, as my name is Order,
And by this staff of office that commands you,
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast
And privilege in the wine-cellar.
Amb. You are merry,
Good master steward.
Furn. Let him; I'll be angry.

Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet,
Nor dinner taking up ; then, 'tis allowed,
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric. 10

Furn. You think you have spoke wisely, goodman Amble,
My lady's go-before !

Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Furn. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen !
At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry ;
And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.

Amb. There was no hurt meant.

Furn. I am friends with thee ; and yet I will be angry.

Ord. With whom ?

Furn. No matter whom : yet, now I think on it,
I am angry with my lady.

Watch. Heaven forbid, man !

Ord. What cause has she given thee ?

Furn. Cause enough, master steward. 20
I was entertained by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I performed it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
And raise fortifications in the pastry
Such as might serve for models in the Low Countries ;
Which, if they had been practised at Breda,
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it.

Amb. But you had wanted matter there to work on.

Furn. Matter ! with six eggs, and a strike of rye meal, 30
I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.

Ord. But what's this to your pet against my lady ?

Furn. What's this ? marry this ; when I am three parts roasted
And the fourth part parboiled, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.

Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.

Furn. By whom?
By such as pretend love to her, but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity 40
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire
That's stolen into commission.

Ord. Justice Greedy?

Furn. The same, the same: meat's cast away upon him,
It never thrives; he holds this paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,
Or strumpets' ravenous appetites. [*Knocking within.*

Watch. One knocks. [*Exit.*

Ord. Our late young master!

Re-enter WATCHALL *and* ALLWORTH.

Amb. Welcome, sir.

Furn. Your hand;
If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

Ord. His father's picture in little.

Furn. We are all your servants. 50

Amb. In you he lives.

All. At once, my thanks to all;
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, *and* Chambermaid.

Ord. Her presence answers for us.

L. All. Sort those silks well.
I'll take the air alone.

[*Exeunt* Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid.

Furn. You air and air;
But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?
To what use serve I?

L. All. Prithee, be not angry;
I shall ere long; i' mean the time, there is gold
To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.

And, from one man I warn you, and that's Wellborn:
Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity; 120
But that he's in his manners so debauched,
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
'Tis true, your father loved him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but if he had lived
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off
As you must do.

All. I shall obey in all things.

L. All. Follow me to my chamber, you shall have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,
As I hear from you.

All. I am still your creature. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, WATCHALL, *and* MARRALL

Greedy. Not to be seen!

Over. Still cloistered up! Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she make herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.

Ord. Sir, it is her will,
Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,
And not dispute: howe'er, you are nobly welcome;
And, if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.

Greedy. Is it of the right race? 10

Ord. Yes, Master Greedy.

Amb. How his mouth runs o'er!

Furn. I'll make it run, and run. Save your good worship!

Greedy. Honest Master Cook, thy hand; again: how I love thee!
Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.
Furn. If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef, well seasoned.
Greedy. Good!
Furn. A pheasant, larded.
Greedy. That I might now give thanks for't!
Furn. Other kickshaws.
Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,
The fattest stag I ever cooked.
Greedy. A stag, man!
Furn. A stag, sir; part of it prepared for dinner, 20
And baked in puff-paste.
Greedy. Puff-paste too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red deer too, Sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste!
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.
Furn. How the lean skeleton's rapt!
Over. You know we cannot.
Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.
Greedy. Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for such dinner,
We may put off a commission: you shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto.
Over. Fie, Master Greedy! 30
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! we must forget the belly
When we think of profit.
Greedy. Well, you shall o'er-rule me;
I could e'en cry now.—Do you hear, Master Cook,
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you—a brace of three-pences.
Furn. Will you be so prodigal?

Enter WELLBORN.

Over. Remember me to your lady. Who have we here?

Well. You know me.
Over. I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar! 40
If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee caged and whipped.
Greedy. I'll grant the warrant.
Think of pie-corner, Furnace!
[*Exeunt* OVERREACH GREEDY, *and* MARRALL.
Watch. Will you out, sir?
I wonder how you durst creep in.
Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.
Amb. Cannot you stay
To be served, among your fellows, from the basket,
But you must press into the hall?
Furn. Prithee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstye;
My scullion shall come to thee.

Enter ALLWORTH.

Well. This is rare:
Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!
All. We must be strangers; 50
Nor would I have you seen here for a million. [*Exit.*
Well. Better and better. He contemns me too!

Enter Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid.

Woman. Foh, what a smell's here! what thing's this?
Cham. Let us hence, for love's sake,
Or I shall swoon.
Woman. I begin to faint already.
[*Exeunt* Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid.
Watch. Will you know your way?
Amb. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders?
Well. No; I will not stir;
Do you mark, I will not: let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,

Created only to make legs and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher; 60
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond black-jacks or flagons; you, that were born
Only to consume meat and drink, and batten
Upon reversions!—who advances? who
Shews me the way?

Ord. My lady!

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, *and* Chambermaid.

Cham. Here's the monster.

Woman. Sweet madam, keep your glove to your nose.

Cham. Or let me
Fetch some perfumes may be predominant;
You wrong yourself else.

Well. Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.

L. All. To me!

Well. And though I have met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here, 70
I hope from you to receive that noble usage
As may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.

L. All. I am amazed
To see and hear this rudeness. Darest thou think,
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence since my husband's death,
Can fall so low as to change words with thee?
Thou son of infamy! forbear my house,
And know and keep the distance that's between us; 80
Or, though it be against my gentler temper,
I shall take order you no more shall be
An eyesore to me.

Well. Scorn me not, good lady;
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe

At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which fills your veins; those costly jewels,
And those rich clothes you wear, your men's observance,
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues, 90
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shewn
For your late noble husband.

Ord. How she starts!

Furn. And hardly can keep finger from the eye,
To hear him named.

L. All. Have you aught else to say?

Well. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought 100
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword,
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And, in his own hopes, not to be buoyed up,
I stepped unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

Furn. Are not we base rogues,
That could forget this?

Well. I confess, you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends, 110
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you for it;
For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.

L. All. 'Tis most true, he had.

Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.

L. All. For what's past excuse me,

I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman
A hundred pounds.

Well. No, madam, on no terms :
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you, 120
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers ; and 'tis this. [*Whispers to her.*

L. All. Fie ! nothing else ?

Well. Nothing, unless you please to charge your servants
To throw away a little respect upon me.

L. All. What you demand is yours.

Well. I thank you, lady.
Now what can be wrought out of such a suit
Is yet in supposition : [*Aside.*]—I have said all ;
When you please, you may retire. [*Exit* Lady ALL.
Nay, all's forgotten ; [*To the* Servants. 130
And, for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

Ord. Agreed, agreed.

Furn. Still merry Master Wellborn. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter OVERREACH *and* MARRALL.

OVER. He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crushed him.

Mar. Your worships have the way on't, and ne'er miss
To squeeze these unthrifts unto air: and yet,
The chapfallen justice did his part, returning
For your advantage the certificate,
Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,
With your good favour, to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Over. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice: he that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder, 10
Still with your license, why, your worship having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself?

Over. Thou art a fool;
In being out of office I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might or out of wilfulness or error
Run myself finely into a *premunire*,
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve 20
My purposes, let him hang or damn, I care not;
Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Over. I would be worldly wise; for the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well governed life,
And to do right to others as ourselves,
I value not an atom.
Mar. What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, Master Frugal? as 'tis said
He will not sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land, lying in the midst of your many lordships, 30
Is a foul blemish.
Over. I have thought on't, Marrall,
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.
Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.
Over. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor,
Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs:
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three year, 40
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behindhand.
Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore you.
Over. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title: want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.
Mar. 'Tis above wonder!
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.
Over. Well thought on. 50
This varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold
Nor hunger kill him?
Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I have used all means; and the last night I caused

His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And, on the forfeit of your favour, charged them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from starving,
Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir.

Over. That was something, Marrall; but thou must go further, 60
And suddenly, Marrall.

Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.

Over. I would have thee seek him out, and, if thou canst,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg;
Then, if I prove he has but robbed a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do any thing to work him to despair;
And 'tis thy masterpiece.

Mar. I will do my best, sir.

Over. I am now on my main work with the Lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear 70
He's come into the country, and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.

Mar. I have you;
This points at my young mistress.

Over. She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable,
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable daughter,
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it.
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decayed and brought so low,
That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve her. 80
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To have their issue whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine as bondslaves.

Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.

Over. And therefore, I'll not have a chambermaid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,

But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry.

Enter WELLBORN.

Mar. See, who's here, sir.
Over. Hence, monster! prodigy!
Well. Sir, your wife's nephew. 90
Over. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious, rogue!
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.
Come hither, Marrall—this is the time to work him.
[*Aside, and exit.*
Mar. I warrant you, sir.
Well. By this light I think he s mad.
Mar. Mad! had you ta'en compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.
Well. You have ta'en a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.
Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply——
Well. By what?
Mar. By my religion.
Well. Thy religion! 100
The devil's creed:—but what would you have done?
Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,
Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.
I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself,
And presently, as you love your credit.
Well. I thank you.
Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or lice devour you?——
Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,

Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken, 110
Or market-woman with eggs, that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?
Well. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.
Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again,
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself! take some course
For your reputation.
Well. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair; 120
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.
Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air
Will not persuade me or to give or lend
A token to you.
Well. I'll be more kind to thee:
Come, thou shalt dine with me.
Mar. With you!
Well. Nay more, dine gratis.
Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you! or at whose cost?
Are they padders or abram-men that are your consorts?
Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine,
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady; 130
With me, and with a lady.
Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the Lady of the Lake, or queen of fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner
Well. With the Lady Allworth, knave.
Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is cracked.
Well. Mark there, with what respect
I am entertained.
Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?
Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine own eyes.

Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,
To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a blanket, 140
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.

Well. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Lady ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, Chambermaid, ORDER, AMBLE, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL.

Woman. Could you not command your leisure one hour longer?

Cham. Or half an hour?

All. I have told you what my haste is:
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,
I should neglect my lord.

Woman. Pray you do me the favour
To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket;
They are of mine own preserving.

Cham. And this marmalade;
Tis comfortable for your stomach.

Woman. And, at parting,
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.

Cham. You are still before me. I move the same suit, sir. [ALLWORTH *kisses them severally.*

Furn. How greedy these chamberers are of a beardless chin! 11

All. My service
To both.

Woman. Ours waits on you.

Cham. And shall do ever.

Ord. You are my lady's charge, be therefore careful
That you sustain your parts.

Woman. We can bear, I warrant you.

[*Exeunt* Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid.

Furn. Here, drink it off; the ingredients are cordial,
And this the true elixir; it hath boiled
Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roots and marrow, 20
Coral and ambergris: you need not bait
After this, I warrant you, though your journey's long;
You may ride on the strength of this till to-morrow morning.

All. Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much grieve
To part from such true friends, and yet find comfort,
My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.

[*Knocking within.* *Exit* WATCHALL.

Mar. [*within.*] Dar'st thou venture further?

Well. [*within.*] Yes, yes, and knock again.

Ord. 'Tis he; disperse?

Amb. Perform it bravely.

Furn. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me. 30

[*Exeunt all but* ALLWORTH.

Re-enter WATCHALL, *ceremoniously introducing* WELLBORN *and* MARRALL.

Watch. Beast that I was, to make you stay! most welcome;
You were long since expected.

Well. Say so much
To my friend, I pray you.

Watch. For your sake, I will, sir.

Mar. For his sake!

Well. Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever
I would have believed, though I had found it in my primer.

All. When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,
You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, in my service
I will deserve it.

Mar. Service? with a vengeance!
Well. I am satisfied : farewell, Tom.
All. All joy stay with you! [*Exit.*

Re-enter AMBLE.

Amb. You are happily encountered ; I yet never 41
Presented one so welcome as I know
You will be to my lady.
Mar. This is some vision,
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;
It cannot be a truth.
Well. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel ; be so, miscreant,
And meditate on "blankets, and on dog-whips!"

Re-enter FURNACE.

Furn. I am glad you are come ; until I know your pleasure
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.
Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?
Well. What's thy will? 50
Furn. Marry, sir, I have some grouse, and turkey chicken,
Some rails and quails, and my lady willed me ask you,
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.
Mar. The devil's entered this cook : sauce for his palate!
That, on my knowledge, for almost this twelvemonth,
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on Sundays.
[*Aside.*
Well. That way I like them best.
Furn. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*
Well. What think you of "the hedge we shall dine under"?
Shall we feed gratis?
Mar. I know not what to think ; 60
Pray you make me not mad.

Re-enter ORDER.

Ord. This place becomes you not ;
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining-room.

As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare and power to do were never
Lodged so unluckily.

Re-enter AMBLE *laughing.*

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.
Ord. Contain thyself, man.
Furn. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.
Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table!—this term-driver, Marrall,
This snip of an attorney——
Furn. What of him, man?
Amb. The knave thinks still he's at the cook's shop in Ram Alley,
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choose; 120
And feeds so slovenly!
Furn. Is this all?
Amb. My lady
Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please Master Wellborn;
As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish
In which there were some remnants of a boiled capon,
And pledges her in white broth!
Furn. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.
Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship.
Ord. Risen already!
Amb. I shall be chid.

Re-enter Lady ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL.

Furn. My lady frowns.
L. All. You wait well! [*To* AMBLE.
Let me have no more of this; I observed your jeering: 130
Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy

To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
When I am present, is not your companion.
Ord. Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.
Furn. This refreshing
Follows your flux of laughter.
L. All. [*To* WELLBORN.] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,
As not to inquire your purposes; in a word,
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.
Well. Mark that. [*Aside to* MARRALL.
Mar. With reverence, sir,
An it like your worship.
Well. Trouble yourself no further, 140
Dear madam; my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, Master Marrall.
Mar. I attend your worship.
[*Exeunt* WELLBORN *and* MARRALL.
L. All. I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me
An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Furnace, come with me; I must give you
Further directions.
Ord. What you please.
Furn. We are ready. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Country near* Lady ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL *bare-headed.*

Well. I think I am in a good way.
Mar. Good! sir; the best way,
The certain best way.
Well. There are casualties
That men are subject to.

Mar. You are above them;
And as you are already worshipful,
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,
And be right worshipful.
Well. Prithee do not flout me:
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease.
You keep your hat off?
Mar. Ease! an it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast, 10
Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be covered
When your worship's present.
Well. Is not this a true rogue,
That, out of mere hope of a future cozenage,
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already. [*Aside.*
Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs no counsel,
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice (but still
Under correction), I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.
Well. No; speak freely.
Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment 20
(Still with your worship's favour), I could wish you
A better habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady
(I say no more) that loves you: for, this morning,
To me, and I am but a swine to her,
Before the assurance of her wealth perfumed you,
You savoured not of amber.
Well. I do now then!
Mar. This your batoon hath got a touch of it.——
[*Kisses the end of his cudgel.*
Yet, if you please, for change, I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I'll presently 30
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you
A riding-suit.
Well. But where's the horse?

Mar. My gelding
Is at your service : nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas ! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,
You may with the lease of glebe land, called Knave's
acre,
A place I would manure, requite your vassal.
Well. I thank thy love, but must make no use of it ;
What's twenty pounds ?
Mar. 'Tis all that I can make, sir. 40
Well. Dost thou think, though I want clothes, I could
not have them,
For one word to my lady ?
Mar. As I know not that !
Well. Come, I will tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.
I will not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married
(There being no woman but is sometimes froward),
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced
To buy my wedding-clothes, and took me on
With a plain riding-suit, and an angling nag.
No, I'll be furnished something like myself, 50
And so farewell : for thy suit touching Knave's-acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit.*
Mar. I thank your worship.
How was I cozened in the calculation
Of this man's fortune ! my master cozened too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men ;
For that is our profession ; Well, well, Master Wellborn,
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated :
Which, if the Fates please, when you are possessed
Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.
I'll presently think of the means. [*Walks by, musing.*

Enter OVERREACH, *speaking to a Servant within.*

Over. Sirrah, take my horse. 60
I'll walk to get me an appetite ; 'tis but a mile,

And exercise will keep me from being pursy.
Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring? perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,
So it be done. Marrall!

Mar. Sir.

Over. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?

Mar. Never better, sir.

Over. Has he hanged or drowned himself?

Mar. No, sir, he lives;
Lives once more to be made a prey to you, 70
A greater prey than ever.

Over. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.

Mar. A lady, sir, is fallen in love with him.

Over. With him? what lady?

Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.

Over. Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?

Mar. I speak truth.
And I do so but once a year, unless
It be to you, sir: we dined with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.

Over. His worship!

Mar. As I live, sir.
I dined with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kissed him, 80
And would, at his request, have kissed me too;
But I was not so audacious as some youths are,
That dare do anything, be it ne'er so absurd,
And sad after performance.

Over. Why, thou rascal!
To tell me these impossibilities.
Dine at her table and kiss him! or thee!——
Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew open,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,

In vain, to see her, though I came—a suitor? 90
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!——
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one
On thy buttermilk cheeks.
Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.
Over. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah:
Recover your brains again, and be no more gulled
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond these 100
Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you
From my employments.
Mar. Will you credit this yet?
On my confidence of their marriage, I offered Wellborn——
I would give a crown now I durst say his worship——
[*Aside.*
My nag, and twenty pounds.
Over. Did you so, idiot! [*Strikes him down.*
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me?
Mar. Will your worship kill me?
Over. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.
Mar. He's gone.
Over. I have done then: now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady, 110
Know, my Lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow.
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll thank
them:
There's a piece for my late blows.
Mar. I must yet suffer:
But there may be a time—— [*Aside.*
Over. Do you grumble?
Mar. No, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.—*The Country near* OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter Lord LOVELL, ALLWORTH, *and* Servants.

LOV. Walk the horses down the hill: something in
private
I must impart to Allworth. [*Exeunt* Servants.
All. O, my lord,
What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve them;
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness suffer!
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties showered upon me
Lov. Loving youth,
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it; since you have trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet locked
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
(For so much to your face I must profess,
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush for't)
More zealous in your love and service to me
Than I have been in my rewards.
All. Still great ones,
Above my merit.
Lov. Such your gratitude calls them:
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
As some great men are taxed with, who imagine

They part from the respect due to their honours
If they use not all such as follow them,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so conditioned : I can make
A fitting difference between my footboy
And a gentleman by want compelled to serve me.
All. 'Tis thankfully acknowledged ; you have been
More like a father to me than a master : 30
Pray you, pardon the comparison.
Lov. I allow it ;
And, to give you assurance I am pleased in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me
I can command my passions.
All. 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted—Oh !
Lov. Why do you sigh ? can you be doubtful of me ?
By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour 40
Than to my Allworth !
All. As you are the brave Lord Lovell,
Your bare word only given is an assurance
Of more validity and weight to me
Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations,
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers practise ;
Yet being a man (for, sure to style you more
Would relish of gross flattery), I am forced,
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues
To doubt, nay more, to fear.
Lov. So young, and jealous !
All. Were you to encounter with a single foe, 50
The victory were certain ; but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.
Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,

Since you will nourish them, in plainer language,
That I may understand them.
All. What's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself (provided
They may advantage you), must be obeyed.
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And rammed with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none, but that which guards your sight.
But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing (such as Ulysses, if he
Now lived again, howe'er he stood the Syrens,
Could not resist), the combat must grow doubtful
Between your reason and rebellious passions.
Add this too; when you feel her touch, and breath
Like a soft western wind when it glides o'er
Arabia, creating gums and spices;
And, in the van, the nectar of her lips,
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,
Well armed, and strongly lined with her discourse,
And knowing manners, to give entertainment;—
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.
Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.
All. Grant all these beat off,
Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,
To make her more remarkable, as would tire
A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.
O my good lord! these powerful aids, which would
Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful
(Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,
That in herself is all perfection), must

Prevail for her: I here release your trust;
'Tis happiness enough for me to serve you
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.
Lov. Why, shall I swear?
All. O, by no means, my lord;
And wrong not so your judgment to the world
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing
Divers great men are rivals for.
Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it
To Overreach's house?
All. At the most, some half hour's riding; 100
You'll soon be there.
Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.
All. O that I durst but hope it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL.

Over. Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with the weight
Of curious viands.
Greedy. "Store indeed's no sore," sir.
Over. That proverb fits your stomach, Master Greedy.
And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,
With precious powders mixed, so please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.
Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.
Over. Avaunt, you drudge! 10
Now all my laboured ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter.
[*Exit* MARRALL.

And, Master Justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of them——

Greedy. As I do, indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.

Over. I do confer that providence, with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.

Greedy. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions. Now am I,
In mine own conceit, a monarch; at the least,
Arch-president of the boiled, the roast, the baked;
For which I will eat often, and give thanks
When my belly's braced up like a drum, and that's pure justice. [*Exit.*

Over. It must be so: should the foolish girl prove modest,
She may spoil all; she had it not from me,
But from her mother; I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

Enter MARGARET.

Alone—and let your women wait without.

Marg. Your pleasure, sir?

Over. Ha! this is a neat dressing!
These orient pearls and diamonds well placed too!
The gown affects me not, it should have been
Embroidered o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
And how below? since oft the wanton eye,
The face observed, descends unto the foot,
Which being well proportioned, as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art. How like you your new woman,
The Lady Downfallen?

Marg. Well, for a companion;
Not as a servant.

Over. Is she humble, Meg,
And careful too, her Ladyship forgotten?

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Over. Pity her! trample on her.
I took her up in an old tamin gown
(Even starved for want of twopenny chops), to serve thee,
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged him
Into the counter, and there let them howl together.
Marg. You know your own ways; but for me, I blush
When I command her, that was once attended 50
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.
Over. In birth! why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great
That I have run, and still pursue, those ways
That hail down curses on me, which I mind not?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heir, 60
And throw thee from my care: do not provoke me.
Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.

Re-enter GREEDY.

Over. How! interrupted!
Greedy. 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-willed, and will not learn
From my experience: there's a fawn brought in, sir,
And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it;
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three-pence.
Over. Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! cook it any way; prithee, leave me. 70
Greedy. Without order for the dumpling?
Over. Let it be dumpled
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald him
In his own caldron.

Greedy. I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my mistress dumpling; I'll give thanks for't.
[*Exit.*

Over. But to our buisness, Meg; you have heard who dines here?

Marg. I have, sir.

Over. 'Tis an honourable man,
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one: and to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume, 80
Is granted unto few but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter GREEDY.

Greedy. I'll resign my office,
If I not be better obeyed.

Over. 'Slight, art thou frantic?

Greedy. Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and stark mad,
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks——

Over. Make thyself
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.

Greedy. I am contented,
So they may be dressed to my mind; he has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish them 90
With toasts and butter; my father was a tailor,
And my name, though a justice, Greedy Woodcock;
And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused,
I'll give up my commission.

Over. [*loudly.*] Cook!—Rogue, obey him!
I have given the word, pray you now remove yourself
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.

Greedy. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner. [*Exit.*

Over. And as I said, Meg, when this gull disturbed us,
This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.

Marg. There's too much disparity 100
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.
Over. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it.
Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me;
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:
This mincing modesty has spoiled many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for. 110
Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?
Over. Virgin me no virgins!

Re-enter MARRALL.

Mar. Sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.
Over. In, without reply;
And do as I command, or thou art lost.
[*Exit* MARGARET.
Is the loud music I gave order for
Ready to receive him?
Mar. 'Tis, sir.
Over. Let them sound
A princely welcome. [*Exit* MARRALL.] Roughness awhile leave me;
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me.

Loud music. Enter Lord LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL.

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble. 120
Over. What you are pleased to style so is an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.
All. Strange, so humble. [*Aside.*
Over. A justice of peace, my lord.
[*Presents* GREEDY *to him.*

Over. Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the
shambles? [*Strikes him.*

Greedy. How! strike a justice of peace! 'tis petty treason, 170
Edwardi quinto: but that you are my friend,
I would commit you without bail or mainprize.

Over. Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit you
Where you shall not dine to-day: disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse!

Greedy. Is't a time to talk
When we should be munching?

Lov. Hah? I heard some noise.

Over. Mum, villain; vanish! shall we break a bargain
Almost made up? [*Thrusts* GREEDY *off.*

Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And rest most happy in your choice, believe it;
I'll be a careful pilot to direct 180
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves for ever.

Lov. I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good; howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me to delude
Your subtle father.

Marg. I am prone to that.

Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles!
Where is Sir Giles? [OVERREACH *comes forward.*

Re-enter ALLWORTH, MARRALL, *and* GREEDY.

Over. My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?

Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming;
And I like her the better.

Over. So do I too. 190

Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant; I must confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I must have
Delivered by my page, and you give way to't.

Over. With all my soul:—a towardly gentleman!
Your hand, good Master Allworth; know my house
Is ever open to you.

All. 'Twas shut till now. [*Aside.*

Over. Well done, well done, my honourable daughter!
Thou'rt so already: know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter. 200

Marg. I shall, with my best care.

[*Noise within, as of a coach.*

Over. A coach!

Greedy. More stops
Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

Enter Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN.

L. All. If I find welcome,
You share in it; if not I'll back again,
Now I know your ends; for I come armed for all
Can be objected.

Lov. How! the Lady Allworth!

Over. And thus attended?

[LOVELL *kisses* Lady ALLWORTH, Lady ALLWORTH *kisses* MARGARET.

Mar. No, "I am a dolt!
The spirit of lies hath entered me!"

Over. Peace, Patch;
'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment
That does possess me wholly!

Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent my visit, 210
The service of my life can never equal.

L. All. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hoped
You would have made my poor house your first inn:
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
In this unequalled beauty, for your stay,
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you

I borrowed so much from my long restraint
And took the air in person to invite you. 220

Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.

L. All. Good Sir Giles Overreach. [*Kisses him.*
—How dost thou, Marrall? liked you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?

Greedy. I will, when you please,
An it like your ladyship.

L. All. When you please, Master Greedy;
If meat can do it, you shall be satisfied.
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse.

[*Presents* WELLBORN.

His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's; wonder not I speak at large: 230
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever,
For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself
With some that have contemned him. Sir Giles Overreach,
If I am welcome, bid him so.

Over. My nephew?
He has been too long a stranger: faith you have,
Pray let it be mended.

[LOVELL *confers aside with* WELLBORN.

Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is "rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
That should hang or drown himself;" no man of worship,
Much less your nephew.

Over. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon 241
For this hereafter.

Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for't.

Well. Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.

Lov. I would hear, and help them.
Over. Your dinner waits you.
Lov. Pray you lead, we follow.
L. All. Nay, you are my guest; come, dear Master Wellborn. [*Exeunt all but* GREEDY.
Greedy. "Dear Master Wellborn!" So she said: Heaven! Heaven!
If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate 250
All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham goal; and now, "Dear Master Wellborn!"
And, "My good nephew!"—but I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Re-enter MARRALL.

Are they set, Marrall?
Mar. Long since; pray you a word, sir.
Greedy. No wording now.
Mar. In troth, I must; my master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,
And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him, 260
And sup with him on the cold meat.
Greedy. How! no dinner,
After all my care?
Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.
Greedy. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach: a man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemalion!
Mar. No bug words, sir;
Should his worship hear you——
Greedy. Lose my dumpling too,
And buttered toasts, and woodcocks!
Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your worship,

And sit with the waiting women, you'll have dumpling,
Woodcock, and buttered toasts too.
Greedy. This revives me : 270
I will gorge there sufficiently.
Mar. This is the way, sir. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.—*Another Room in* OVERREACH'S *House*.

Enter OVERREACH, *as from dinner*.

Over. She's caught ! O women !—she neglects my lord,
And all her compliments applied to Wellborn !
The garments of her widowhood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring,
Her eyes fixed on him, in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.
She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks,
And if in our discourse he be but named,
From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I 10
At this ? it makes for me ; if she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Enter MARRALL.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.
Over. No matter, I'll excuse it : prithee, Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.
Mar. Who ? "the rogue
The lady scorned to look on" ?
Over. You are a wag.

Enter Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN.

Mar. See, sir, she's come, and cannot be without
him.

L. All. With your favour, sir, after a plenteous dinner,
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two, 20
In your rare garden.

Over. There's an arbour too,
If your ladyship please to use it.

L. All. Come, Master Wellborn.

[*Exeunt* Lady ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN.

Over. Grosser and grosser! now I believe the poet
Feigned not, but was historical, when he wrote
Pasiphaë was enamoured of a bull:
This lady's lust's more monstrous.—My good lord,

Enter Lord LOVELL, MARGARET, *and the rest.*

Excuse my manners.

Lov. There needs none, Sir Giles,
I may ere long say father, when it pleases
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it. 29

Over. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy.

Re-enter WELLBORN *and* Lady ALLWORTH.

Marg. My lady is returned.

L. All. Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away; my thanks, Sir Giles,
For my entertainment.

Over. 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.

L. All. I must do you a further wrong
In taking away your honourable guest.

Lov. I wait on you, madam; farewell, good Sir Giles.

L. All. Good Mistress Margaret! nay, come, Master Wellborn,
I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.

Over. Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once;
Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach, 40
And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.

L. All. Stay not long, sir.

Lov. This parting kiss: [*Kisses* MARGARET] you shall every day hear from me,
By my faithful page.
All. 'Tis a service I am proud of.
[*Exeunt* Lord LOVELL, Lady ALLWORTH, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL.
Over. Daughter, to your chamber.—[*Exit* MARGARET.] —You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.
Well. So I do, sir;
'Tis strange to me.
Over. But I'll make it no wonder;
And what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen 5
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom;
As, I must yield, with you I practised it:
But, now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you; this rich lady
(And I am glad of't) is enamoured of you;
'Tis too apparent, nephew.
Well. No such thing:
Compassion rather, sir.
Over. Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen 6
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.
Well. He'll run into the noose, and save my labour. [*Aside.*
Over. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,
In pawn; I will redeem them; and that no clamour
May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut them off,
And go a free man to the wealthy lady.
Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else——
Over. As it is, nephew.

70

Well. Binds me still your servant.

Over. No compliments, you are staid for : ere you
have supped
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew,
To-morrow I will visit you.

Well. Here's an uncle
In a man's extremes ! how much they do belie you,
That say you are hard-hearted !

Over. My deeds, nephew
Shall speak my love ; what men report I weigh not.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Lady ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter Lord LOVELL *and* ALLWORTH.

LOV. 'Tis well; give me my cloak; I now discharge you
From further service: mind your own affairs,
I hope they will prove successful.
All. What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let aftertimes report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engaged, for I want language
To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could——
Lov. Nay, do not melt:
This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous. 10
Over. [*within*]. Is my lord stirring?
Lov. 'Tis he! oh, here's your letter: let him in.

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL.

Over. A good day to my lord!
Lov. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.
Over. And reason to attend your lordship.
Lov. And you, too, Master Greedy, up so soon!
Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,
I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.

Lov. Pray you use your pleasure. 20
Greedy. How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house, to this of my Lady Allworth's ?
Over. Why, some four mile.
Greedy. How ! four mile, good Sir Giles——
Upon your reputation, think better ;
For if you do abate but one half-quarter
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong
That can be in the world ; for four miles riding
Could not have raised so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.
Mar. Whether you ride, 30
Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,
An it please your worship.
Over. How now, sirrah ? prating
Before my lord ! no difference ! Go to my nephew,
See all his debts discharged, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.
Mar. I may fit you too.
Tossed like a dog still ! [*Aside, and exit.*
Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.
Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already :—
Sweet Master Allworth, take my ring ; 'twill carry you
To her presence, I dare warrant you ; and there plead 40
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a license,
Still by this token. I'll have it dispatched,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.
Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman, get your breakfast ;
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting : I'll eat with you
And eat to purpose.
Over. Some Fury's in that gut :
Hungry again ! did you not devour, this morning,
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters ? 50

Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,
I will not have you feed like the hangman of Flushing,
Alone, while I am here.
Lov. Haste your return.
All. I will not fail, my lord.
Greedy. Nor I, to line
My Christmas coffer. [*Exeunt* GREEDY *and* ALLWORTH.
Over. To my wish: we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods, 60
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
Lov. You are a right kind father.
Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded, and well watered, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord? 70
Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well-built pile; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.
Over. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.
Lov. Impossible.
Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be),
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's 80
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,

And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.
Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.
Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair,
In all good men's opinions, as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill, 90
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For, though I do contemn report myself
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her: 100
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state requires,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you. 110
Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?
Over. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.

I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on, a constant course : with mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong. 120
Now, for these other piddling complaints
Breathed out in bitterness ; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common, to my private use ;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable ; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity, 130
Or the least sting of conscience.
Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.
Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble ;
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compassed.
My haste commands me hence ; in one word, therefore,
Is it a match ?
Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now. 140
Over. Then rest secure ; not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher : an earl ! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith ;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal ; so, my lord, good morrow. [*Exit.*
Lov. He's gone—I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portént ! I, that have lived a soldier, 150
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,

To hear this blasphemous beast am bathed all over
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
(Confirmed in atheistical assertions)
Is no more shaken than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter Lady ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, *and* AMBLE.

L. All. Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?
Lov. No, good madam;
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner,
Since this bold bad man, Sir Giles Overreach, 160
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it.
L. All. I ne'er pressed, my lord,
On others' privacies; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health's sake in the gallery
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made
(So vehement and loud he was) partaker 170
Of his tempting offers.
Lov. Please you to command
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear
Your wiser counsel.
L. All. 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,
But true and hearty;—wait in the next room,
But be within call; yet not so near to force me
To whisper my intents.
Amb. We are taught better
By you, good madam.
W. Wom. And well know our distance.
L. All. Do so, and talk not; 'twill become your
breeding. [*Exeunt* AMBLE *and* Woman.
Now, my good lord: if I may use my freedom,
As to an honoured friend——

Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.
L. All. I dare then say thus;
As you are noble (howe'er common men 180
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree
With those of eminent blood, who are engaged
More to prefer their honours than to increase
The state left to them by their ancestors,
To study large additions to their fortunes,
And quite neglect their births:—though I must grant,
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,
But a bad master.
Lov. Madam, 'tis confessed;
But what infer you from it?
L. All. This, my lord; 190
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,
Slide of themselves off when right fills the other,
And cannot bide the trial; so all wealth,
I mean if ill-acquired, cemented to honour
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely purchased,
Is but as rubbish poured into a river
(Howe'er intended to make good the bank),
Rendering the water, that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow
The heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret, 200
A maid well qualified and the richest match
Our north part can make boast of; yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, fill their mouths,
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's
(How wrung from both needs now no repetition),
Were real motives that more worked your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues:
You may conceive the rest.
Lov. I do, sweet madam,
And long since have considered it. I know, 210
The sum of all that makes a just man happy

Consists in the well choosing of his wife :
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune ;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy :—
But I come nearer.

L. All. Pray you do, my lord.

Lov. Were Overreach's states thrice centupled, his daughter 220
Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet,
And the other London blue. In my own tomb
I will inter my name first.

L. All. I am glad to here this.—— [*Aside.*
Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her ?
Dissimulation but ties false knots 230
On that straight line by which you, hitherto,
Have measured all your actions.

Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That, since your husband's death, have lived a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments ? think you, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference ? or the favours
Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Being too reserved before, incur not censure ?

L. All. I am innocent here ; and, on my life, I swear
My ends are good. 240

Lov. On my soul, so are mine
To Margaret ; but leave both to the event :
And since this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offered means unto ourselves,
To search each other further, you having shewn

Your care of me, I my respect to you,
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam,
An afternoon's discourse.
L. All. So I shall hear you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* TAPWELL'S *House.*

Enter TAPWELL *and* FROTH.

Tap. Undone, undone! this was your counsel, Froth.
Froth. Mine! I defy thee: did not Master Marrall
(He has marred all, I am sure) strictly command us,
On pain of Sir Giles Overreach's displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?
Tap. 'Tis true;
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master Justice Greedy, since he filled his belly,
At his commandment, to do anything;
Woe, woe to us!
Froth. He may prove merciful.
Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands. 10
Though he knew all the passages of our house,
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,
When he was rogue Wellborn no man would believe him,
And then his information could not hurt us;
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony? methinks,
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart,
For a close bawd, thine eyes even pelted out
With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing,
If I scape the halter, with the letter R
Printed upon it.
Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days' wonder: as for credit,
We have none to lose, but we shall lose the money
He owes us, and his custom; there's the hell on't.

Tap. He has summoned all his creditors by the drum
And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
On the pay day: and has found out such A NEW WAY
To PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely
He shall be chronicled for it!

Froth. He deserves it
More than ten pageants. But are you sure his worship
Comes this way, to my lady's?

[*A cry within:* Brave Master Wellborn!

Tap. Yes:—I hear him. 31

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace.

Enter WELLBORN *in a rich habit, followed by* MARRALL, GREEDY, ORDER, FURNACE, *and* Creditors; TAPWELL *kneeling, delivers his petition.*

Well. How's this! petitioned too?—
But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,
Can work upon these rascals! I shall be,
I think, Prince Wellborn.

Mar. When your worship's married,
You may be—I know what I hope to see you.

Well. Then look thou for advancement.

Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at. 40

Well. And thou shalt hit it.

Mar. Pray you, sir, dispatch
These needy followers, and for my admittance,
Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.

Well. Fear me not Sir Giles.

Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy wife brought me,
Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkeys.

Tap. And shall do every Christmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now.

Greedy. How! with Master Wellborn?
I can do anything with him on such terms.— 50
See you this honest couple, they are good souls
As ever drew out fosset: have they not
A pair of honest faces?
Well. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promised. You are cozened in
them;
For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,
For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserved me,
And therefore speak not for them: by your place
You are rather to do me justice; lend me your ear:
—Forget his turkeys, and call in his license, 60
And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of oxen
Worth all his poultry.
Greedy. I am changed on the sudden
In my opinion! come near; nearer, rascal.
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an archknave? his very countenance,
Should an understanding judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.
Tap. Froth. Worshipful sir.
Greedy. No, though the great Turk came, instead of
turkeys,
To beg my favour, I am inexorable.
Thou hast an ill name: besides thy musty ale, 70
That hath destroyed many of the king's liege people,
Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's stomachs,
A piece of Suffolk cheese or gammon of bacon,
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,
For their emolument, but sheer drink only.
For which gross fault I here do damn thy license,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For, instantly, I will, in mine own person,
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,
And do it before I eat.
Froth. No mercy?

Greedy. Vanish! 80
If I shew any, may my promised oxen gore me!
Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.
[*Exeunt* GREEDY, TAPWELL, *and* FROTH.
Well. Speak; what are you?
1st Cred. A decayed vintner, sir,
That might have thrived, but that your worship broke me
With trusting you with muskadine and eggs,
And five pound suppers, with your after drinkings,
When you lodged upon the Bankside.
Well. I remember.
1st Cred. I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you;
And therefore, sir——
Well. Thou art an honest fellow,
I'll set thee up again; see his bill paid.— 90
What are you?
2nd Cred. A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock, but you failing in payment
I was removed from the shopboard, and confined
Under a stall.
Well. See him paid; and botch no more.
2nd Cred. I ask no interest, sir.
Well. Such tailors need not;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty year,
They are seldom losers.—O, I know thy face,
[*To* 3rd Creditor.
Thou wert my surgeon: you must tell no tales;
Those days are done. I will pay you in private. 100
Ord. A royal gentleman!
Furn. Royal as an emperor!
He'll prove a brave master; my good lady knew
To choose a man.
Well. See all men else discharged;
And since old debts are cleared by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me;
There's something, honest cook, for thy good breakfasts;

And this, for your respect: [*To* ORDER] take't, 'tis good
gold;
And I able to spare it.
Ord. You are too munificent.
Furn. He was ever so.
Well. Pray you, on before.
3rd Cred. Heaven bless you!
Mar. At four o'clock; the rest know where to meet me.
[*Exeunt* ORDER, FURNACE, *and* Creditors.
Well. Now, Master Marrall, what's the weighty secret
You promised to impart?
Mar. Sir, time nor place 112
Allow me to relate each circumstance,
This only, in a word; I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to.
As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land;
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame) 120
When you were defeated of it.
Well. That's forgiven.
Mar. I shall deserve it: then urge him to produce
The deed in which you passed it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him, to deliver
To the Lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present monies: I'll instruct you further,
As I wait on your worship: if I play not my prize
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall.
Well. I rely upon thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* OVERREACH'S *House.*

Enter ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.

All. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequalled temperance or your constant sweetness,

That I yet live, my weak hands fastened on
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,
I yet rest doubtful.
Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which
My vows, in that high office registered,
Are faithful witnesses.
All. 'Tis true, my dearest:
Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones 10
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths, and oaths
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness,
And you rise up no less than a glorious star,
To the amazement of the world,—hold out
Against the stern authority of a father,
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you;
I am so tender of your good, that faintly,
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right
You yet are pleased to do me.
Marg. Yet, and ever.
To me what's title, when content is wanting? 20
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines
In being dispossessed of what it longs for
Beyond the Indian mines? or the smooth brow
Of a pleased sire, that slaves me to his will,
And, so his ravenous humour may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election?
All. But the dangers
That follow the repulse——
Marg. To me they are nothing; 30
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill me,
A tear or two, by you dropt on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours;

I then shall rest in peace: or should he prove
So cruel, as one death would not suffice
His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering torments
In mind and body I must waste to air,
In poverty joined with banishment; so you share 40
In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,
So high I prize you, I could undergo them
With such a patience as should look down
With scorn on his worst malice.

All. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me!
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Shew so much rigour: but since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between them.

Marg. Your lord's ours, and sure;
And, though but a young actor, second me 50
In doing to the life what he has plotted,

Enter OVERREACH *behind.*

The end may yet prove happy. Now, my Allworth.
[*Seeing her father.*

All. To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title;
And when with terms, not taking from his honour,
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
To appoint a meeting, and, without my knowledge,
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence 60
In his lordship will deceive him.

All. I hope better,
Good lady.

Marg. Hope, sir, what you please: for me
I must take a safe and secure course; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneeled for my favour,
I can grant nothing.

Over. I like this obedience: [*Comes forward.*
But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embraced. Sweet Master Allworth,
You shew yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord; he has a jewel of you. 70
How! frowning, Meg? are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? what's this? give me it.
Marg. A piece of arrogant paper, like the inscriptions.
Over. [*Reads.*] "Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys
That we can hope for, if deferred, prove toys;
Therefore this instant, and in private, meet
A husband, that will gladly at your feet
Lay down his honours, tendering them to you
With all content, the church being paid her due."
—Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool! 80
Will you still be one? in the name of madness what
Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wished, after these two,
That are already offered; marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after: what would you more?
Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter;
Not hurried away i' the night I know not whither,
Without all ceremony; no friends invited
To honour the solemnity.
All. An't please your honour,
For so before to-morrow I must style you, 90
My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honourable kinsmen are afar off,
And his desire to have it done brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet he stands resolved, with all due pomp,
As running at the ring, plays, masks, and tilting,
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honour up to London.
Over. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my knowledge:
Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness, 100

Must put it off, forsooth!
Tempt me no further, if you do, this goad
[*Points to his sword.*
Shall prick you to him.
Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.
Over. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, Master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow 110
I'll furnish him with any sums: in the mean time,
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is beneficed
At my manor of Got'em, and called Parson Willdo:
'Tis no matter for a licence, I'll bear him out in't.
Marg. With your favour, sir, what warrant is your ring?
He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then to be refused
Were such a stain upon me!—if you pleased, sir,
Your presence would do better.
Over. Still perverse!
I say again, I will not cross my lord; 120
Yet I'll prevent you too.—Paper and ink, there!
All. I can furnish you.
Over. I thank you, I can write then. [*Writes.*
All. You may, if you please, put out the name of my lord,
In respect he comes disguised, and only write,
Marry her to this gentleman.
Over. Well advised.
'Tis done; away;—[MARGARET *kneels.*] My blessing, girl? thou hast it.
Nay, no reply, be gone:—good Master Allworth,
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.
All. I hope so, sir.
[*Exeunt* ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.
Over. Farewell!—Now all's cocksure:

Methinks I hear already knights and ladies 130
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? has her honour
Slept well to-night? or, will her honour please
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroquito
(This is state in ladies), or my eldest son
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?
My ends, my ends are compassed—then for Wellborn
And the lands; were he once married to the widow——
I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy, nay, joy all over. [*Exit.* 140

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Lady ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter Lord LOVELL, Lady ALLWORTH, *and* AMBLE.

LADY ALL. By this you know how strong the motives were
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little, with my gravity, to advance,
In personating some few favours to him,
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer
In some few men's opinions for't, the action;
For he that ventured all for my dear husband
Might justly claim an obligation from me
To pay him such a courtesy; which had I 10
Coyly or over-curiously denied,
It might have argued me of little love
To the deceased.
Lov. What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnished for fair employment:
But all the arts that I have used to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well:
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant 20
Than their years can promise; and for their desires,
On my knowledge, they are equal.
L. All. As my wishes
Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to fear
The building, though well grounded: to deceive
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox

In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.
Lov. Despair not, madam:
Hard things are compassed oft by easy means;
And judgment, being a gift derived from Heaven, 30
Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of worldly men,
That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,
Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it.
Which is the reason that the politic
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reached.
L. All. May he be so! yet, in his name to express it,
Is a good omen.
Lov. May it to myself
Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you! 40
What think you of the motion?
L. All. Troth, my lord,
My own unworthiness may answer for me;
For had you, when that I was in my prime,
My virgin flower uncropped, presented me
With this great favour; looking on my lowness
Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,
I could not but have thought it, as a blessing
Far, far beyond my merit.
Lov. You are too modest,
And undervalue that which is above
My title, or whatever I call mine. 50
I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry
A widow might disparage me; but being
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find
How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more,
That which you think a blemish is to me
The fairest lustre. You already, madam,
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish
A husband that deserves you; which confirms me,
That, if I am not wanting in my care

To do you service, you'll be still the same 60
That you were to your Allworth: in a word,
Our years, our states, our births are not unequal
You being descended nobly, and allied so;
If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.

L. All. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it; [*Kisses him*] yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness, 70
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

L. All. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.—

Enter WELLBORN, *handsomely apparelled.*

You are welcome, sir.
Now you look like yourself.

Well. And will continue
Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it.

Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you;
You could not make choice of a better shape
To dress your mind in.

L. All. For me, I am happy 80
That my endeavours prospered. Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well. I hear of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall; he's grown into strange passions
About his daughter: this last night he looked for
Your lordship at his house, but missing you,
And she not yet appearing, his wise head
Is much perplexed and troubled.

Love. It may be,
Sweetheart, my project took.

L. All. I strongly hope.

Over. [*within*]. Ha! find her, booby, thou huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.
Well. May it please your lordship, 90
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.
Lov. You shall direct me. [*Steps aside.*

Enter OVERREACH, *with distracted looks, driving in* MARRALL *before him, with a box.*

Over. I shall *sol fa* you, rogue!
Mar. Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?
Over. Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.
Mar. I may yet cry quittance, 100
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*
Over. Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make courtsies
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.
L. All. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the meantime, as I am myself, 110
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.
Over. When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better.——Nephew,
Well. Sir.

Over. No more!
Well. 'Tis all I owe you.
Over. Have your redeemed rags
Made you thus insolent?
Well. Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?
Over. His fortune swells him:
'Tis rank, he's married. [*Aside.*
L. All. This is excellent!
Over. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it, 120
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buzz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen marriage,
In which, 'tis said, there somebody hath been cozened;
I name no parties.
Well. Well, sir, and what follows?
Over. Marry, this; since you are peremptory. Remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match I lent you
A thousand pounds: put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you 130
Dragged in your lavender robes to the gaol: you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.
Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? was this the courtesy
You did me "in pure love, and no ends else"?
Over. End me no ends! engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger
And revel in bawdy taverns.
Well. And beg after;
Mean you not so?
Over. My thoughts are mine, and free. 140
Shall I have security?
Well. No, indeed you shall not,

Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.
Over. But my deeds shall.
Outbraved! [*Both draw.*
L. All. Help, murder! murder!

Enter Servants.

Well. Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
Armed with his cut-throat practices to guard him;
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.
Over. That I had thee
But single in the field!
L. All. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.
Over. Were't in a church, 150
By Heaven and Hell! I'll do't!
Mar. Now put him to
The shewing of the deed. [*Aside to* WELLBORN.
Well. This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full,
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law (howe'er you have no conscience),
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.
Over. I in thy debt? O impudence! did I not purchase 160
The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That had continuèd in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here, inclosed,
The deed that does confirm it mine?
Mar. Now, now!
Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er passed over
Any such land: I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,

Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law, 170
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.

L. All. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.

Over. Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.

L. All. Never: do not hope it.

Well. Let despair first seize me.

Over. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out 180
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
[*Opens the box, and displays the bond.*
Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make
My interest clear—ha!

L. All. A fair skin of parchment.

Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle,
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?

Over. I am o'erwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil 190
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turned into dust!—the rest of my deeds whole
As when they were delivered, and this only
Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;
And now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.

Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy

Over. Marrall!
Mar. Sir.
Over. Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two: and for thy master, 200
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash
This cunning sleight: besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses: the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this? [*Aside to* MARRALL.
Mar. I! no, I assure you:
I have a conscience not seared up like yours; 210
I know no deeds.
Over. Wilt thou betray me?
Mar. Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue,
To his no little torment.
Over. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!
Mar. Yes, and uncase you too,
"The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise," your "football" or
"The unprofitable lump of flesh," your "drudge,"
Can now anatomise you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth 220
Your hill of pride, and, with these gabions guarded,
Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.
L. All. How he foams at the mouth with rage!
Well. To him again.
Over. O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee
Joint after joint!
Mar. I know you are a tearer,
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you; when I have discovered,

And made it good before the judge, what ways,
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families, who yet alive, 230
And but enrolled for soldiers, were able
To take in Dunkirk.

Well. All will come out.

L. All. The better.

Over. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel in vain, to die,
These swords that keep thee from me should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.

Lov. Heaven's hand is in this;
One bandog worry the other! [*Aside.*

Over. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.

Well. I think so: 241
You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest, and repent.

Over. They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

Enter GREEDY *and* Parson WILLDO.

Shall find no harbour here:—after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Willdo. Married! yes, I assure you. 250

Over. Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's more gold for thee.
My doubts and fears are in the titles drowned
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.

Greedy. Here will be feasting! at least for a month,
I am provided: empty guts, croak no more.

You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes.

Over. Instantly be here? [*Whispering to* WILLDO
To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me.
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemned me,
Think on't and tremble:—[*Loud music*]—they come! I
hear the music. 260
A lane there for my lord!

Well. This sudden heat
May yet be cooled, sir.

Over. Make way there for my lord!

Enter ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason, [*Kneeling.*
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fastened: not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

Over. How!

All. So I assure you; all the rites of marriage, 270
With every circumstance, are past. Alas! sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it;
And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.

Over. Devil! are they married?

Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them joy!

Over. Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.

Willdo. They are married.

Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these:—my brain turns!

Willdo. Why this rage to me? 280
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words
"Marry her to this gentleman."

Over. It cannot—
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath ! I will not ;
That I, that in all passages I touched
At worldly profit have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by children,
Baffled and fooled, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated and made void.
Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.
Over. Village nurses 290
Revenge their wrongs with curses ; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.
[*Attempts to kill* MARGARET.
Lov. [*coming forward.*] Hold, for your own sake !
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter ?
Consider ; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be crossed.
Over. Lord ! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel ; and again desire thee, 300
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares shew itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.
Lov. I am ready.
L. All. Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted !
Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.
Over. Are you pale ?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemmed in—
Thus !
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil, 310

My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place :
Alone I can do nothing ; but I have servants
And friends to second me ; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good !), or leave
One throat uncut,—if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions ! [*Exit.*

Mar. Is't not brave sport ?

Greedy. Brave sport ! I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach ;
I do not like the sauce.

All. Nay, weep not, dearest, 320
Though it express your pity ; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.

L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing ?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich ; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.

Well. I do believe thee ;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance ?

Mar. They are mysteries 330
Not to be spoke in public ; certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax——
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows ; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you or to drown or hang yourself ;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Well. You are a rascal ! he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true 340
To any other. Look not for reward

Or favour from me ; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's; thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears ; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.
Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you'll have me, sir.
Well. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.
Ord. Take this kick with you.
Amb. And this.
Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.
Mar. This is the haven 350
False servants still arrive at. [*Exit.*

Re-enter OVERREACH.

L. All. Come again !
Lov. Fear not, I am your guard.
Well. His looks are ghastly.
Willdo. Some little time I have spent, under your favours,
In physical studies, and, if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery : but observe him,
And look to yourselves.
Over. Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them? 360
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed
[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*
I'll fall to execution.—Ha ! I am feeble :
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hand, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat: now they are new shapes,

And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall 370
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate,
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.

[*Rushes forward, and flings himself on the ground.*

Well. There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him

Greedy. Take a *mittimus*,
And carry him to Bedlam.

Lov. How he foams!

Well. And bites the earth!

Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.

Marg. O my dear father! [*They force* OVERREACH *off.*

All. You must be patient, mistress.

Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men, 380
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take comfort,
I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distractions: and for your land, Master Wellborn,
Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you, and this, the undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach: for me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on.

All. What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.

Well. 'Tis the language
That I speak too; but there is something else 390
Beside the repossession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.
It is a time of action; if your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not in my service

To my king and country but I shall do something
That may make me right again.
Lov. Your suit is granted, 400
And you loved for the motion.
Well. [*coming forward.*] Nothing wants then
But your allowance—and in that our all
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,
Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free,
Without your manumission; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's and our labours (as you may,
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play),
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write. [*Exeunt.* 410

NOTES

Act I. Scene 1.

l. 1, **bouse**, drink, liquor; the word also meant a drinking-bout, a carouse; from M.E. *bousen*, to drink to excess. Harman, *Fraternitie of Vagabonds*, speaks of "*bousing* and belly-cheere"; Harrington, *Epigrams*, "Yet such the fashion is of Bacchus crue, To quaff and booze, until they belch and spue." The word, now written *booze*, is used in slang only: **a suck**, though primarily referring to **bouse**, is applicable to **tobacco** also, to "drink tobacco" being a common expression in those days, like *pina* in Urdu. Tobacco-smoking had become a common habit about 1570, and is referred to by Jonson in 1598.

l. 2, **remainder**, dregs.

l. 3, **all night pall'd too**, not even though it has become stale by being drawn many hours ago and left to stand; the word **pall'd** was very frequently used of old in this sense; cp. *e.g.* Massinger, *The Picture*, v. 1. 13, "with a spoonful of *pall'd* wine poured in their water." In *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 7. 88, we have it in a figurative sense, "I'll never follow my *pall'd* fortunes more."

l. 4, **your morning's draught**, a draught of ale in the early morning was a common habit in former days.

l. 5, **'Tis verity**, it is a fact: **brache**, properly a hound that hunts by scent; then a common term of abuse, and in later English use always feminine in sense.

l. 6, **precisian**, puritan; Harrington, *Epigrams*, i. 20, defines a precisian as one who "walk'd mannerly, and talk'd meekly, He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly," etc.

l. 7, **Durst**, used in all persons of both numbers as the past tense of to "dare" = to have courage, to venture; in the sense of to "challenge," "defy," the past tense is "dared."

l. 8, **trim**, of course used ironically.

ll. 8, 9, **you would . . . yourself**, you would acquit me of being

a rogue, feeling how much more applicable the term was to yourself.

l. 9, **Even so,** it is even as I said; what I said was only the plain truth.

l. 10, **advance,** raise as about to use it.

l. 11, **Plymouth cloak.** A cant name for a staff, cudgel. Gifford quotes Davenant, "whose *cloak* at *Plymouth* spun, was crab-tree wood"; and Decker, *The Honest Whore,* "shall I walk in a *Plymouth cloak,* that is to say like a rogue, in my hose and doublet, and a *crab-tree cudgel* in my hand?"

l. 14, **the stocks.** A contrivance for the punishment of vagrants and petty offenders, consisting of two blocks of wood, one above the other, working on a hinge, with the lower edge of the upper block and the upper edge of the lower block hollowed out sufficiently to admit the legs of the offender, which were then confined by the end opposite to the hinge being fastened by a hasp and padlock. These stocks were to be seen in every village not very many years ago.

l. 15, **rusty billmen.** The epithet belongs properly to the bills, not to the users of them. Bills were a kind of pike or halbert, formerly carried by the English infantry, and afterwards the usual weapon of watchmen.

l. 18, **at his own peril:** if he ventures to use his cudgel, he will do so at his own risk, *i.e.* he will soon find that he will pay the penalty of his violence.

l. 21, **mighty ale,** as contrasted with small beer. **I take it,** I fancy.

l. 22, **You must . . . remember,** you must learn to forget, never dream of enjoying in the future.

l. 25, **I find . . . chalk,** I have no record of it; the only form of record used by him being by the chalk with which he scored on a board the amount of ale, etc. consumed by his customers.

l. 27, **Whose riots . . . thee?** to whose lavish expenditure, and the profit you made out of it, you owe everything you possess.

l. 29, **it skills not,** it does not matter, it makes no difference: cp. *Twelfth Night,* v., i. 295, "as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so *it skills not much* when they are delivered."

l. 30, **for a farewell,** to end the discussion and get rid of you.

l. 34, **justice . . . quorum.** A quorum is "a number of members of any body sufficient to transact business. It was usual to enumerate the members forming a committee, *of whom* (in Lat. *quorum*) a certain number must be present at a meeting. Lat. *quorum* is the gen. pl. of *qui,* cognate with E. *who*" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

l. 35, **stood fair,** had every reason to expect to be if he had lived : **custos rotulorum,** keeper of the county records.

l. 36, **Bore . . . shire,** was the leading man of the shire : **great,** well served and hospitable.

l. 39, **Late . . . Wellborn,** whom men in the days of your prosperity styled **Master Francis,** but who is now known only by the title of **forlorn** (*i.e.* beggared) **Wellborn.**

l. 40, **lose myself,** be unable to restrain my anger.

ll. 40, 1. **Very hardly . . . way.** Froth, purposely misunderstanding him, replies, "You'll find a difficulty in doing that; what you have made yourself, that you must continue to be."

l. 41, **But to my story,** but to go on with my story after this parenthesis.

l. 42, **the prime gallant,** notorious above all men for your dissipations and extravagances. For **the,** denoting notoriety, see Abb. § 92.

l. 45, **running horses,** racers.

l. 48, **On . . . bonds.** On the security of the mortgages, etc., which Wellborn readily executed.

l. 49, **left,** abandoned you to your own resources when he had stripped you bare of your own wealth.

l. 50, **mongrel,** cur; according to Skeat, from the A.S. base *mang*, a mixture, and short for *mong-er-el*, with double diminutive suffixes as in *cock-er-el*, *pick-er-el* (a small pike), the sense being a small animal of mingled breed.

l. 51, **studied,** learnt by heart; a technical theatrical term; cp. *Macbeth*, i. 4. 9, *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 2. 205.

l. 52, **a token,** as we should say, "a brass farthing"; "tokens" were small coins that, for the convenience of the public, tradesmen were permitted to coin, and were used for change.

l. 53, **the common borrower,** known as one ready to borrow of any one foolish enough to lend you money; **the,** see l. 42.

l. 54, **paper pellets,** acknowledgments of the debts you incurred to all classes, high and low.

l. 55, **Switches,** "riding-rods," as they are called in *King John*, i. 1. 140.

l. 56, **in your gallantry,** in the days of your extravagance.

l. 57, **Where,** whereas; a very frequent sense in Elizabethan literature.

l. 58, **Gave entertainment,** received as lodgers.

l. 59, **canters,** whining beggars.

l. 60, **Clubbers,** fellows armed with clubs who plundered wayfarers.

l. 62, **Had . . . pay,** were in the habit of, were given to, paying.

l. 63, **stuck not,** did not hesitate, make excuses.

l. 65, **scavenger**, cleanser of the drains, roadways, etc.; possibly a fair remunerative, if not very exalted, employment.

l. 66, **overseer . . . poor**, guardian of the poor; these officials were first appointed in 1601.

l. 67, **on your petition**, if you humbly solicit my patronage.

l. 68, **Thirteen . . . quarter**, *i.e.* a penny a week.

l. 70, **dog-bolt**, a term of contempt or abuse of which the origin has not been satisfactorily ascertained.

l. 73, **Make purses for you**, raise subscriptions for you: **lick'd my boots**, were ready to perform any services however vile, even to licking the dust off my boots if it were necessary.

l. 74, **your holiday cloak**, that which you wore on high days and holidays.

l. 76, **arrive at**, be so fortunate as to get together.

l. 77, **ready gold**, money paid down, not promised merely, as you say was my custom.

l. 78, **from taphouse**, all innkeepers from the highest to the lowest.

l. 79, **On . . . licenses**, at the risk of forfeiting their licenses, if they did not do so.

l. 81, **If they grew**, if they should happen to grow: **grew**, subjunctive, past tense; in this sequence of tenses after **stand bound** we should use *grow*.

l. 83, **cuckolds**, literally husbands whose wives had been unfaithful to them; then a general term of abuse, contempt.

l. 84, **thankless viper**, whom I have warmed in my bosom only to be stung in return for my kindness.

l. 86, **tread . . . mortar**, thrash you till you are a mere mass of broken bones: **mortar**, cement of lime, sand, and water, was formerly trodden into the proper consistency, and here there may be an allusion to the lime which is one of the constituents of animal bones; cp. *Lear*, ii. 2. 72, "I will *tread* this unbolted villain into *mortar*."

l. 89, **Deny me, Frank?** Do you refuse to stop when I ask you?

l. 90, **this sceptre**, *sc.* his cudgel.

l. 93, **ambling wit**, wit that goes too fast; so we speak of "a galloping tongue." Cp. *A.Y.L.*, iii. 2. 258, "Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; *it curvets unseasonably*."

l. 96, **There's law . . . bruises**, *i.e.* I will bring an action against him for assault and get damages out of him.

l. 99, **And . . . me**, and is so loving and generous to me as being his son. Lady Allworth was his second wife.

l. 100, **observance**, dutiful behaviour.

l. 105, **Prithee**, a contraction of "I pray thee."

l. 107, **My lord excepted**, the best born with the exception of my lord.

l. 109, **gain'd her presence,** induced her to receive their visits.

l. 112, **A liberal entertainment,** a generous welcome.

l. 118, **affront,** repulse, unkind treatment.

l. 122, **Put it . . . wonder,** do not attempt to deceive me by pretending astonishment at my question : **at my years,** young as I am.

l. 123, **You think . . . transparent,** you fancy that no one has penetrated your secret while all the time any one can see what is the case with you.

ll. 125, 6, **And . . . guided.** Here **loadstone** is used as a synonym of the magnetic needle of the compass ; more commonly "load-stone" is used of that which attracts iron to it, while the magnetic needle is that which is attracted to the north. "Load-stone," compounded of *lode,* a way or course, and *stone,* in imitation of *lodestar* or *loadstar,* the star that shows the way, is used to mean a "leading or drawing stone," whereas the literal sense is "way-stone."

l. 130, **Cormorant,** a voracious sea-bird ; from Lat. *corvus marinus,* sea-crow ; then any one of voracious propensities.

l. 134, **balms,** balsams, soothing unguents : **corrosives,** strong remedies, things that eat into, gnaw, the flesh ; frequently in the old dramatists written *corsives,* for the sake of the metre.

l. 135, **scarce . . . lodge.** "The porter's lodge, in our author's days, when the great claimed, and, indeed, frequently exercised, the right of chastising their servants, was the usual place of punishment . . ." (Gifford).

l. 136, **sworn . . . pantofle,** still a mere page bound to fetch and carry your mistress's slippers.

l. 139, **player's boy,** servant attending on an actor.

l. 141, **Court-waiters,** pages at court.

l. 145, **The sweetest . . . smell,** the flower whose fragrance most delights the smell.

l. 146, **Sprang . . . briar.** The briar, or wild rose, is a prickly shrub, and **envious** has reference to the thorns which are so troublesome to any one trying to pluck the blossom.

l. 148, **my soul,** she who is the very life of my existence.

l. 149, **churl,** a clownish mannered person.

l. 151, **a quiet bed,** peace in your marriage.

l. 155, **indiscretion.** Here five syllables.

l. 158, **In swelling titles,** titles to be obtained by her marrying a peer of the realm ; **without . . . conscience,** without his conscience being pricked by a sense of guilt.

l. 166, **much material,** a matter of great consequence to you.

l. 167, **you know . . . means,** *i.e.* you know how poor I am.

l. 169, **How's this?** said as Allworth takes out the money to offer to him.

l. 170, **To put . . . fashion,** to enable you to buy clothes better suited to your position as a gentleman.

l. 171, **a stipendiary,** a dependant, one who receives wages.

l. 172, **At the . . . stepmother,** dependent upon the affection of a stepmother, which may change at any moment ; stepmothers have from the earliest times being regarded as emblems of hard-heartedness.

l. 176, **vomited forth,** forcibly ejected. So Milton was falsely charged by one of his antagonists with having been "vomited out of the university" of Cambridge.

l. 177, **accoutred,** dressed ; from F. *accoutrer*, to attire, array ; supposed to be connected with O.F. *cousteur*, *coustre*, the sexton or sacristan of a church, among whose duties was that of taking care of the sacred vestments.

l. 178, **canopy,** *i.e.* of heaven, the open air : **canopy** is from the Greek κωνωϖειών, κωνωϖεῖον, an Egyptian bed with mosquito curtains.—Gr. κωνωϖ,—stem of κώνωψ, a gnat, mosquito ; lit. "cone-faced," or an animal with cone-shaped head, from some fancied resemblance to a cone.—Gk. κῶνος, a cone ; and ὤψ, a face, appearance . . . (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

l. 179, **despise,** resolutely decline.

l. 180, **broke my state,** squandered my property.

l. 182, **In . . . wits,** now that I have come to my senses again.

SCENE 2.

l. 2, **this staff of office,** *sc.* his chain and ruff. The chain was of old a common distinction for an upper servant in a great family, especially for a steward.

l. 4, **misses . . . function,** is slack in the performance of his duties.

l. 6, **privilege . . . cellar,** right to a share of wine.

l. 9, **Nor dinner . . . up,** nor the time come for serving dinner. In those days dinner was served at 11 or 12 o'clock in the forenoon.

l. 10, **by their places,** in virtue of their responsibility as cooks, which may well make them anxious and testy.

l. 12, **go before,** usher ; used contemptuously.

l. 13, **Twit me . . . kitchen!** has the insolence to taunt me with the authority which my position as cook gives me and to infer that I have no right to be angry except at certain times, as for instance when I am serving the dinner up !

l. 17, **I am . . . thee.** On the line "Friends am I with you all," *J.C.*, iii. 1. 220, Craik writes, "'This grammatical impropriety,' Henley very well remarks, 'is still so prevalent, as that the omission of the anomalous *s* would give some uncouthness to the sound of

an otherwise familiar expression.' We could not, indeed, say '*Friend* am I with you all'; we should have to turn the expression in some other way. In *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 4. 71, however, we have 'And I'll grow *friend* with danger.' Nor does the pluralism of *friends* depend upon that of *you all*: 'I am friends with you' is equally the phrase in addressing a single person. *I with you am* is felt to be equivalent to *I and you are*." Cp. also *Lear*, iv. 1. 35, "And yet my mind was then scarce *friends* with him." Possibly **friends** was of old used adverbially like *needs*, etc.

l. 25, **raise . . . pastry**. Cp. Fletcher, *Wife for a Month*, *Prol.* 9, 10, "He had rather build up those invincible pies, And castle-custards that affright all eyes."

l. 26, **the Low Countries**, the Netherlands.

l. 27, **Breda**. "This was one of the most celebrated sieges of the time, and is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. Spinola sat down before Breda on the 26th August 1624, and the town did not surrender until the 1st of July in the following year. The besieged suffered incredible hardships . . ." (Gifford).

l. 29, **matter**, material.

l. 30, **a strike**, the name of a measure, originally an instrument with a straight edge for levelling (striking off) a measure of grain.

l. 32, **But what's . . . lady?** but what has this to do with your ill-temper with your mistress? I see no connection between the two subjects.

l. 33, **marry**. A corruption of "(by) Mary," *i.e.* the Virgin Mary, used in order to evade the statutes against profane swearing.

l. 34, **parboil'd**, thoroughly boiled; we now use the word for "partly boiled" from an erroneous supposition that it is derived from *part* and *boiled*, its real origin being from the Lat. *perbullire*, to boil thoroughly.

l. 35, **keeps her chamber**, remains in her own private rooms instead of taking her meals, as she should, in the dining-room: **panada**, or *panado*, a bread pottage.

l. 36, **my sweat . . . on**, never thinking of all the labour I had in preparing a rich repast for her.

l. 39, **harpies**, *i.e.* the Robbers or Spoilers, are in Homer nothing but personified storm winds, who are said to carry off any one who had suddenly disappeared from the earth. In later mythology they are represented as disgusting monsters, birds with the heads of women, with long claws and faces pale with hunger. They were sent by the gods to torment the blind Phineus, and whenever a meal was set before him, they darted down and carried it off; later writers add that they either devoured the food themselves or rendered it unfit to be eaten.

ll. 40, 1, **out of charity with,** indignant at: **thin-gutted,** with no stomach to show as a result of his voracious eating.

l. 42, **stolen into commission,** found his way into the commission of the peace, being made a justice of the peace, by means of intrigue, bribery, etc.

l. 44, **It never thrives,** *i.e.* in his stomach, never fattens him as it would fatten any one else: **paradox,** strange doctrine, literally that which is contrary to the received doctrine.

l. 46, **insatiate . . . grave.** Cp. *R.J.*, v. 3. 45, 6, "Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death, Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth," said by Romeo apostrophising Juliet's grave.

l. 49, **stomach,** appetite: **bake-meat,** meat-pie; Cp. *Haml.* i. 2. 180, "the funeral baked-meats Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

l. 50, **His father's . . . little,** the very image of his father in miniature.

l. 51, **In you he lives,** you are so like him that in you he seems to be alive again: **At once,** in one word; I thank you collectively with this one thanks.

l. 52, **This . . . comfort,** low as my condition has fallen, it is yet some comfort to be thus welcomed: **stirring,** up and about.

l. 53, **for us,** without it being necessary for us to answer your question: **silks,** skeins of silk.

l. 54, **You air and air,** you are for ever taking the air, going out into the open air, instead of staying at home to eat as you should.

l. 55, **spoon-meat,** broths, soups, etc., not solid meat; the panada and water gruel of l. 35.

l. 59, **Furnace . . . cool.** Such plays on names are common in the old dramatists. Shakespeare, for instance, frequently puns on the name Pistol.

l. 61, **entertain them,** *sc.* by setting food before them.

l. 63, **indisposed,** unwell; a common euphemism in way of excuse: for **I shall,** where we should now use "*I will,*" see Abb. § 318.

l. 64, **I shall . . . here,** I am only too glad to remain here.

ll. 66, 7, **style . . . part,** do not call that mere courtier-like complaisance which is in reality the duty I am bound to pay you in return for your generous treatment: **you shall o'ercome,** you shall have your way in this matter, I will acknowledge the sincerity of your protestations.

l. 70, **No scruple . . . honour,** to the minutest particle as perfect in his honour as he ever was. Cp. *A.W.*, ii. 3. 234, "*Par.* I have not, my lord, deserved it. *Laf.* Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple."

l. 75, **For the Low Countries?** of taking part in the war in the Netherlands?

l. 77, **present his service**, come to take a courteous leave of you.

l. 78, **approve**, think of; used in a neutral sense.

l. 82, **To your own election**, to accompany him or not as you may choose.

ll. 87–9, **that . . . Who.** The redundant relative is due to the parenthesis.

ll. 89, 90, **by the dearest . . . us**, adjuring us by the perfect love that we ever had for each other.

l. 92, **as if . . . me**, as if in me you recognised him.

l. 94, **you may . . . love**, you may be as dear to me, as much my son in the matter of love, as if I had given birth to you.

l. 97, **strengths.** We should now use the singular, but in former days the plural of abstract substantives was a common usage.

l. 104, **repair**, betake themselves; though F. *repairer*, to haunt, frequent, from Lat. *repatriare*, to return to one's country; Lat. *re-*, back, and *patria*, one's native land.

l. 109, **To run . . . undaunted**, cp. *A.Y.L.*, ii. 7. 152, 3, "Seeking the bubble reputation Even in the cannon's mouth."

l. 110, **mutinies**, mutinous behaviour, offences against discipline.

l. 111, **patience**. Here a trisyllable.

l. 114, **make up**, *that* make up. For the omission of the relative, see Abb. § 244.

l. 121, **that**, that circumstance.

l. 125, **Worthy the loving**, worthy to be loved.

l. 126, **he had**, he would have.

l. 129, **and still supplied**, and you shall be constantly furnished with further supplies when necessary.

l. 130, **still**, here again = ever.

Scene 3.

l. 1, **Not to be seen!** does she say that she will see no visitors? **cloistered up**, shut up as though she were a recluse in a nunnery; "cloister" is more commonly used for the partially enclosed walk beneath the upper storey of monasteries, convents, colleges, etc., but also for the buildings themselves, or any place of religious seclusion; from Lat. *claustrum*, an enclosure.

l. 7, **that you . . . so**, in order that you may be assured that you are welcome, I will mention that, etc.

l. 8, **Hull**, in Yorkshire, one of the chief harbours for the importation of wines, etc., from abroad: **a pipe**, a measure of wine and of corn; in the former case containing 126 gallons.

l. 9, **Canary**, a wine from the Canary Islands, a kind of sweet sack, much in vogue formerly.

l. 10, **of the right race,** of the right kind; showing by its flavour that it is from grapes of the finest species.

l. 11, **runs o'er,** waters with anticipation of the wine.

l. 12, **Save . . . worship.** A common form of complimentary address.

l. 14, **Are the good . . . being?** do you still send up to table the dainty dishes for which you are famous?

l. 15, **chine,** literally "back-bone"; what we now call in mutton the "saddle"; formerly used of pork also.

l. 16, **Season'd,** spiced: **pheasant,** literally "the Phasian bird," originally coming from the country about the river Phasis in Colchis: **larded,** garnished with strips of lard or bacon fat drawn through the flesh of the bird by a skewer called the "larding-stick"; hence to "lard" was used as = to garnish, whether literally or figuratively, *e.g. Ham.*, iv. 5. 37, *M.W.*, iv. 6. 14; also as = to fatten, *e.g. Tim.*, iv. 3. 12.

l. 17, **that I . . . for't!** would that I were already seated at table and saying grace for it! **Kickshaws,** trifles; the word is a corruption of the French *quelque chose*, something, hence a trifle, small delicacy. Here the cook affects to speak of the rich and abundant dishes he is prepared to set before his guests as though they were ordinary trifles.

l. 21, **puff-paste,** pastry of the lightest and most tempting kind.

l. 23, **red-deer,** the species that lives in a wild state, especially in Scotland, as opposed to the fallow-deer of parks.

l. 24, **All business . . . here,** let us put aside all business and at once begin the feast.

l. 25, **rapt,** in a state of ecstasy; the p.p. of the verb to *rap*, to seize hastily, to snatch, from M.E. *rapen*, to hasten, act hastily, but early confused with Lat. *raptus*, p.p. of *rapere*, to seize, and so of the mind seized by a sudden emotion. In *Cymb.*, i. 6. 51, we have the correct form of the old verb, "What, dear sir, thus *raps* you?" **You know we cannot,** *i.e.* put aside the business.

ll. 26, 7, **Your worships . . . cause,** to-day is already fixed for the trial of a case before the commission of which you (Greedy) are a member, and this in itself is enough to prevent your putting off business; moreover you (Overreach) are yourself interested in the matter in dispute, and if you are absent will lose your cause. Overreach was not himself a member of the commission, and **worships** is here only a complimentary form of address, not a title applied to justices of the peace.

l. 28, **Cause . . . causes,** don't talk to me about causes; a common form of angry or contemptuous answer as in *R. ii.*, ii. 3. 87, where Bolingbroke has addressed York as his "gracious uncle," and York replies "grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle."

l. 30, **Henrici . . . quarto,** in Act xiv. of Henry's reign.

l. 32, **for shame,** if you have any sense of shame in you.

l. 35, **immortal,** precious, worthy of undying renown.

l. 36, **by your boy,** by the hands of your boy if you will send him home with me.

l. 37, **Send . . . three-pences.** The dash marks the pause made by him as he reflects what sum is the least he can send, and emphasizes the meagreness of the promised gratuity: **will you . . . prodigal?** you don't mean to say your generosity is to be so extravagant as all that!

l. 38, **Who.** On *who* for *whom*, see Abb. 274.

l. 40, **no blood,** no relation by blood: **Avaunt,** out of my sight! shortened from F. *en avant,* forward! the F. *avant* being from Lat. *ab ante,* from before.

l. 41, **to own me,** to claim me as of your kindred.

l. 42, **caged,** imprisoned; originally a euphemism, prison being spoken of as "the cage"; now slang.

l. 43, **pie-corner,** the corner of the immortal pastry (l. 35); with an allusion to Pie Corner, near Giltspur Street, where the Great Fire of London stopped. A place frequently mentioned in the old dramatists, *e.g.* our author's *City Madam,* i. 1. 154; **Will . . . Sir?** will you take yourself off, begone?

l. 45, **This,** *sc.* his venturing to intrude into the house.

l. 46, **from the basket,** *i.e.* "from the broken bread and meat which, in great houses, was distributed to the poor at the porter's lodge, or reserved to be carried every night to the prisons, for debtors and other necessitous persons . . ." (Gifford).

l. 47, **But you . . . hall,** without forcing your way into the hall.

l. 49, **My scullion . . . thee,** I will send my scullion with broken meats to you: **scullion,** an under-servant of the kitchen; according to Wedgwood from F. *escouillon,* a dish-clout, in the same way as *malkin* was used for a kitchen wench and for the clout she uses. **This is rare,** this is fine treatment; said with an amused air.

l. 50, **We . . . strangers,** I must seem not to know you here.

l. 52, **Better . . . too.** Wellborn takes Allworth's words in their more literal sense.

l. 55, **Will you . . . way?** will you go of your own accord?

l. 56, **By . . . shoulders,** by thrusting you forcibly out.

l. 59, **to make legs,** to bow with subservient humility.

l. 60, **a trencher,** a wooden dish for cutting bread, etc., on; F. *trencher,* to cut.

ll. 61, 2, **That have . . . flagons,** whose souls in their utmost piety do not soar beyond a prayer for drink: **black-jacks,** large leather jugs for beer, probably coated externally with tar, a word

frequent in old writers and used by Sir W. Scott ; **flagons** were also made of leather ; here **only** is somewhat redundant.

l. 63, **batten,** feast ; properly intransitive, as here, but used transitively by Milton, *Lycidas*, 29, "*battening* our flocks."

l. 64, **reversions,** food coming to you when others have eaten as much of it as they care for ; an imitation of legal phraseology.

ll. 64, 5, **who . . . way?** *i.e.* you were very ready just now with your threats, but I don't find you are so ready to carry them out.

l. 66, **keep . . . nose,** to prevent your smelling this stinking fellow ; also with a reference to the practice common in those days of scenting gloves ; cp. *M.A.*, iii. 4. 62.

l. 67, **may be predominant,** may by their strength overpower the stench from him.

l. 68, **You . . . else,** otherwise you lay yourself open to an annoyance that should not come near one of your nature.

l. 69, **Bear . . . you,** lead me to make application to you.

l. 70, **ragged entertainment,** a rough welcome ; **ragged** in this figurative sense was commoner of old than nowadays ; cp. *e.g. ii. H. iv.*, i. 1. 151, "The *ragged'st hour* that time and spite dare bring" ; v. 2. 38, "A *ragged* and forestall'd remission" : **grooms,** servants generally.

ll. 71, 2, **that . . . As.** For this correlation, see Abb. § 280.

l. 75, **Though sworn,** even though some one should have sworn that I would do so.

l. 76, **the best . . . country,** the noblest, best-born, men of this neighbourhood.

l. 78, **change,** exchange.

l. 79, **Thou . . . infamy,** you most infamous creature.

l. 80, **distance,** *sc.* in position and character.

l. 82, **take order,** take the necessary steps, make the necessary provisions.

l. 89, **observance,** submissive readiness to meet your wishes.

l. 90, **are . . . virtues,** do not constitute any excellence in yourself.

l. 96, **And hardly . . . eye,** and scarcely can help putting her finger to her eye to stop her tears.

l. 102, **'Twas I . . . fashion,** it was I who, by relieving his wants, enabled him to show himself as a man of fashion.

l. 104, **I brought . . . honour,** by seconding him, espousing his cause, in all matters in which his honour was at stake, encouraged him to assert and maintain his dignity as a gentleman.

l. 105, **And when . . . sunk,** and when everybody supposed that he had fallen so low that he could never again hold up his head among his equals.

l. 107, **I stepped unto him,** I came forward to his aid.

ll. 109, 10, **made him . . . estate,** *sc.* by marrying him.

ll. 112, 3, **For he . . . noble,** for both in person and mind he was the epitome of everything great and noble.

l. 114, **So . . . he.** For the omission of the correlative *as*, see Abb. § 281.

l. 117, **what's past,** her rough reception.

l. 121, **But he . . . ever,** but find other means of supplying my wants, or continue as poor as I am at this moment.

l. 123, **To strangers,** *sc.* and therefore can still less refuse it to me who have this much claim upon your kindness that I was once a friend to your husband: **'tis this.** The suit he whispers to her is that she should pretend before Overreach that she was engaged to marry him.

l. 125, **To throw . . . me,** to be good enough to treat me with some show of respect even if they think that to do so is a waste of civility.

l. 128, **Is yet in supposition,** is as yet problematical, not a matter of any certainty. Cp. *Lear*, iv. 1. 4, "To be worst, the lowest and most dejected thing of fortune Stands still in esperance."

l. 129, **all's forgotten,** I bury all memory of your rudeness.

l. 131, **end . . . cellar,** forget our quarrels by pledging one another in the wine cup.

l. 132, **Still . . . Wellborn,** ever the same warm-hearted, generous-minded, gentleman of former days. Cp. *J.C.*, v. 1. 63, "Old Cassius still!" *i.e.* the same sour-tempered fellow as of old.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

l. 1, **He's gone,** he (*sc.* the farmer opposed to Overreach) is a ruined man.

ll. 2, 3, **Your worships . . . air,** you, Sir, know well how to manage matters, and never fail to grind these thriftless fellows into powder. There is a difficulty about the reading here. Gifford reads "Your worships *have*," in which case **Your** must be used generically, "these worships whom you and I know so well"; other editors give "Your worship *has*," in which case **miss** must be taken as though "Your worship" was equivalent to "you." Gifford objects that no compliment could be intended to Overreach as he was not in the commission that tried the case; but it seems to me plain that there is this compliment, Marrall going on to say "Though the result was chiefly due to you, the justice also did his part by wresting the law from its proper course"; and I take "Your worships" to mean "men like yourself, worshipful Sir"; cp. above, i. 3. 26.

l. 4, **The chapfall'n justice.** Greedy, who was so disappointed at having to abandon the feast offered him by the cook.

l. 5, **For your advantage,** in order to ensure your winning the day : **the certificate,** some document put in by the farmer to prove his case, and rejected by Greedy though his conscience and knowledge of law both taught him that he ought to receive it.

l, 7, **With . . . favour,** if you will allow me to say so.

ll. 7, 8, **to the utter . . . farmer,** with the result that the poor farmer is utterly ruined.

l. 9, **his belly,** *i.e.* Greedy's.

l. 11, **Still . . . license,** again I say, if you will allow me to make the remark ; again, if I may say so without incurring your displeasure.

l. 12, **this thin-gut.** Cp. above, i. 2. 41.

l. 15, **Where,** whereas.

l. 16, **or out . . . error,** either by some piece of wilful violence or by some carelessness ; for **or . . . or,** see Abb. 136.

l. 17, **a præmunire,** a writ issued against one who has committed the offence of introducing a foreign authority or power into England.

l. 20, **at my devotion,** sworn to do anything I demand of him : **so,** provided that.

l. 23, **the other wisdom,** wisdom that teaches us to neglect worldly ends so that we are just and merciful.

l. 27, **to hedge in,** to manage to enclose, include in your own possession.

l. 28, **as 'tis said,** I ask this because people say.

l. 30, **lordships,** landed possessions, property in regard to which you are lord of the manor.

l. 32, **And it shall take,** and my plan is certain to be successful.

l. 37, **Set fire on,** we now say "set fire *to.*"

l. 41, **in forma pauperis,** as one who cannot pay the court fees and so has to sue as a pauper.

l. 42, **he'll grow behindhand,** he will not be able to pay his rent or his household expenses, and so will be obliged to sell his manor.

l. 44, **with the favour . . . law,** with Greedy's help.

l. 46, **To put . . . arbitrement,** to have the matter settled by arbitration, not being able to spare the money for taking the case into a court of justice.

l. 50, **Well thought on,** I am glad you have reminded me of him.

l. 52, **my close cheat,** the secret stratagems by which I beggared him.

l. 54, **the last night,** so lately as last night.

l. 60, **but . . . further,** but your efforts must not stop there.

l. 65, **Not all . . . gallows.** In those days, and until long after, stealing of cattle, etc., was punishable by death.

l. 67, **And . . . masterpiece,** and I shall look upon it as the crowning effort in your services, the most masterly piece of ingenuity you have contrived.

l. 68, **main work,** that of getting Lovell as a husband for his daughter.

l. 70, **The minion, . . . love,** he whom the people almost worship; F. *mignon*, a favourite.

l. 72, **To insinuate . . . Knowledge,** to wind myself into an acquaintance with him, to get to know him by some crafty plan.

l. 73, **I have you,** I understand your project.

l. 75, **humble title,** *sc.* that of Mistress Overreach.

l. 76, **Right honourable,** as the wife of a peer.

l. 77, **will do it,** will manage the matter.

l. 78, **well attended,** waited on by attendants of good birth.

l. 79, **errant . . . decayed.** "Knight errant" was the title given to knights who wandered about in search of adventures, but here **errant** is used in a contemptuous sense of well-born men who had wasted their means and went about in quest of any method of repairing their fortunes: **decayed,** a word still used, though not so commonly, of persons who have seen better days.

l. 80, **cast clothes,** clothes that his daughter has left off wearing, a common perquisite of ladies'-maids.

l. 81, **though . . . city,** though I am a mere citizen, not a man of birth and rank. The gulf between the city and the court, *i.e.* between merchants and people of fashion, was in those days much wider than at present.

ll. 82, 3, **To have . . . bondslaves,** to have as menial servants in my household the wives and daughters of those whom I have ruined (by ministering to their extravagances).

l. 83, **'Tis fit state.** You may well indulge your fancy by keeping up such state, by having as attendants on your daughters none but well-born ladies.

l. 86, **such whose.** For *such* as the antecedent to *who*, see Abb. § 278; as an antecedent to *which* it was more common: **were right worshipful,** had the title of "right worshipful," a title given to none below the rank of knight.

l. 87, **Tis . . . pride,** a man of my wealth likes to indulge his pride in this way.

l. 88, **More than a feud,** something more bitter than a mere quarrel.

l. 89, **true gentry,** those who by birth as well as position are gentlemen.

l. 90, **Sir . . . nephew,** no monster or prodigy, sir, but rather your wife's nephew.

l. 94, **By this light,** a petty oath common in those days; a softened form of "by God's light."

l. 96, **you long since . . . mad,** *i.e.* it would have been a much happier thing for you if you had gone mad than have been such a miserable wretch as you are.

l. 97, **venerable.** Of course ironical.

l. 98, **pale-spirited,** wanting in the courage to hang yourself; so in our author's *Parliament of Love,* ii. 2. 116, "To what purpose, Poor and *pale-spirited* man, should I expect From thee the satisfaction of a wrong?" Cp. also "lily-livered," *Macb.,* v. 3, 15, *Lear,* ii. 2. 18.

l. 99, **instructed,** taught to go mad and hang yourself.

l. 103, **nor any . . . halter,** and no hope of being able to buy a pennyworth of rope with which to hang yourself; cp. *Cymb.,* v. 4. 170.

l. 105, **A withe,** a flexible twig, usually of the willow: **to serve my turn,** to answer my purpose.

l. 107, **presently,** at once. This, the more accurate sense of the word, was the commoner one in former days, though we now use it to mean "in a short time": **as . . . credit,** if you have any regard for your good name.

l. 110, **But that . . . trouble,** without giving the state the trouble and expense of hanging you.

l. 111, **cut,** stolen. In those days purses were worn hanging from the girdle, from which they were easily severed, and hence to "cut a purse" and "a cut-purse" are equivalent to the modern "pick a pocket" and a "pickpocket": **broken,** we should now say "broken into."

l. 117, **three farthings.** In Massinger's day there was a silver coin of this value struck by Queen Elizabeth.

ll. 122–4, **Nay . . . ever,** nay, I have not merely a hope but a firm assurance of prosperity greater than I ever enjoyed, and that too at once.

l. 126, **A token,** see note on i. 1. 52.

l. 129, **padders,** highwaymen, foot-pads: **abram-men,** "an *abram-man* was an impudent impostor who, under the garb and appearance of a lunatic, rambled about the country, and compelled . . . the servants of small families to give him, through fear, whatever he demanded" (Nares).

l. 133, **the Lady of the Lake,** a name given to the enchantress Vivien, mistress of the seer Merlin, in the *Morte d'Arthur.*

l. 134, **For I know . . . dinner,** for no dinner is likely to be provided for you unless it be by such agency.

l. 138, **pass her porter,** get beyond the porter's lodge without being soundly whipped for your audacity.

l. 140, **Troth,** in truth, by my faith.

l. 141, **curvet**, dance about as you are being flogged : **like . . . blanket**, a rude pastime among boys, one of their own number being often thus tossed in default of a dog for the purpose. Here Marrall anticipates Wellborn's being seized by the servants of the house and subjected to such an indignity

SCENE 2.

l. 1, **command your leisure**, manage to stay with us, find time for a longer stay.

l. 4, **Howe'er . . . longer**, however glad I should be to stay with you.

l. 5, **My duty suffers**, I should be wanting in my duty.

l. 7, **quince-cakes**. The quince, an acid fruit in shape resembling the lemon, was much used in those days in preserves, cakes, creams, etc.

l. 8, **They . . . preserving**, the jam with which they are flavoured was made by myself : **marmalade**, a preserve now generally made from Seville oranges, but formerly from quinces ; from Port. *marmelada* = made of quince, from *marmelo*, quince.

l. 9, **'Tis . . . stomach**, you will find it agree with you well.

l. 10, **a farewell**, *i.e.* a kiss.

l. 11, **still**, ever : **before**, beforehand.

l. 12, **chamberers**, chambermaids ; with perhaps an allusion to *Romans* xiii., "chambering and wantonness."

l. 13, **the tits**, the impudent minxes ; "tit," originally meaning something small, is specially applied to the "tom-tit" or "tit-mouse," a small bird that is constantly hopping about, hence to a flippant, saucy, girl ; cp. Dryden, *Metamorphoses*, ix. 14, "The *tits* are little worth" (quoted by Skeat), where *tit* means "a little girl" ; so in *T.N.*, iii. 2. 70, the mischief-loving Maria is called the youngest "wren of nine."

l. 15, **my lady's charge**, under the special order of my lady.

l. 17, **cordial**, good for the heart, invigorating.

l. 18, **the true elixir**, not the fancied elixir of the alchemists that pretended to restore youth and give immortality. This, as they said, being a preparation of gold, they called *Aurum potabile* : **hath boiled**, has been boiling ; the length of time serving to bring out the full strength of the different ingredients.

l. 19, **quintessence**, the best and purest part of a thing ; literally the fifth essence or elements separated from the four other elements. "Aristotales . . . hath put down . . . for elements, foure ; and for a fifth, *quintessence*, the heavenly body that is immutable" (Holland's *Plutarch*, quoted by Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

l. 20, **cocks of the game**, game cocks, and therefore especially spirited.

l. 24, **find comfort**, *sc.* in the knowledge that he is soon to return.

l. 27, **disperse**, *i.e.* each to his own duty.

l. 28, **perform it bravely**, see that you play your several parts well, *sc.* in the farce that is to be enacted to deceive Marrall; the words are a reminiscence of *Temp.*, iv. 3. 83, 4.

l. 31, **so much**, *sc.* that he is welcome.

l. 33, **Mum; . . . nothing**, hush! don't show your surprise at the welcome given me; you will soon see a good deal more than this to make you wonder.

l. 34, **primer**, first reading-book. The earliest extant first reading-book, or A B C, published in the reign of Henry VIII., contains the alphabet, short prayers, etc.

l. 35, **my late harshness**, see above, i. 3. 50, 1.

ll. 37, 8, **in my . . . it**, by the good offices I am about to render you, I shall deserve to be pardoned.

l. 40, **You . . . encounter'd**, I am delighted that you have come.

l. 43, **a dunghill**, an outcast, a fellow as offensive to everybody as a dunghill; a common term of abuse.

l. 46, **And meditate . . . dog-whips**, see above, ii. 2. 138, 142.

l. 47, **your pleasure**, what you are pleased to decide.

l. 50, **grouse**, a game-bird somewhat like a partridge, and considered a delicacy: **turkey chicken**, young turkeys.

l. 51, **rails**, the land-rail, or corn-crake, was formerly much esteemed as a dish: **will'd me ask**, desired me to inquire.

l. 52, **best . . . palate**, are most to your taste; we now say "what you most affect," not "what most affects your taste or palate."

l. 55, **on my knowledge**, as I well know.

l. 56, **Durst wish but**, did not venture to hope for anything better than: **brown bread**, a coarse kind of bread made of flour from which the bran has not been sifted.

l. 57, **That way . . . best.** Telling the cook aside how he preferred the sauces to be prepared.

l. 58, **the hedge . . . under.** See above, ii. 2. 129.

l. 64, **wrapped . . . pease-straw**, only too glad to keep the cold out by burying yourself in the coarse stubble of the pea crop.

l. 67, **her devotions done**, as soon as she had finished her morning prayers.

l. 70, **saints nor angels.** For other instances of the ellipsis of *neither* before *nor* see Abb. § 396.

l. 73, **for form**, in accordance with the ordinary custom among mere acquaintances.

ll. 86, 7, **will you . . . table?** are you going as usual to waste time in mere chattering and spoil your dinner by allowing it to get as cold as ice?—said to his mistress with all the freedom of an old and favoured servant.

l. 90, **are come off well**, have played them well.

l. 94, **his heart**, *sc.* Overreach's.

l. 95, **are Persians**, like the Persians, are fire-worshippers.

l. 101, **for that . . . on't**, for he would be sure to have me hanged or hire some one to cut my throat.

l. 104, **On a suit . . . groats**; over a suit of clothes that did not cost more than fourteen groats, *i.e.* four shillings and sixpence: **bought . . . hangman**, to whom the clothes of those executed were generally given as perquisites.

l. 105, **purchase**, *sc.* estates, landed property.

l. 108, **habit**, dress.

l. 109, **to admiration**, to the wonder of all men: **admiration**, used in its older and more literal sense: **to**, expressing result.

l. 110, **lordships**. See note on ii. 1. 30.

l. 111, **law-nets**, the meshes of the law in which so many men become entangled, like flies in a cobweb.

l. 112, **As they were**. "As, like 'an,' appears to be (though it is not) used by Shakespeare for *as if* . . . the 'if' is implied in the subjunctive" (Abb. § 107).

l. 114, **so unluckily**, with such evil result.

l. 117, **term-driver**, fellow who travels about from court to court during term time.

l. 118, **This . . . attorney**, this pettifogging lawyer: **snip**, literally a piece snipped, cut, off from a whole piece, anything insignificant.

l. 119, **Ram Alley**, a narrow street leading into the Temple from Fleet Street, and famous for the number of its cooks' shops.

l. 120, **divide**, go shares in the joint of meat: **is to**, has the right to.

l. 122, **Drank to him**, pledged him in a cup of wine, drank to his good health.

l. 124, **white broth**, the gravy round the boiled capon.

l. 127, **a leg**, a bow; cp. above, i. 3. 59.

l. 129, **chid**, scolded for not being ready to escort her from the table.

l. 133, **is . . . companion**, is not one about whom you are at liberty to make merry as if he were no more than your equal.

l. 138, **Nay, . . . her**, be sure she will take care that proper respect is shown to her. **Nay**, as so often, has an affirmative force, strengthening what follows. This sense is due to its being used in an elliptical way, here for instance being equivalent to "Nay, do not doubt it."

ll. 134, 5, **This refreshing . . . laughter**, after the exhausting outburst of merriment in which you have just indulged (see l. 114), these words come to refresh your memory as to the duties that belong to you.

ll. 139, 40, **With reverence . . . worship.** Gifford remarks upon the truly characteristic change of language in Marrall.

l. 141, **An it like.** For **An**, see Abb. § 101, and for the frequency of impersonal verbs in Elizabethan English, § 297.

l. 142, **However . . . sparing**, however much I fall short of words to express my gratitude and zeal.

l. 145, **an easy mistress**, one ready to pardon offences; not exacting.

SCENE 3.

l. 1, **in a good way**, on my road to fortune.

l. 2, **the certain best way**, the surest and best way.

ll. 2, 3, **There are . . . to.** Wellborn, laughing in his sleeve at Marrall's certainty as to his marrying Lady Allworth, pretends that he has doubts and uncertainties on the subject, and thereby stimulates further protestations from the time-serving scoundrel.

l. 4, **worshipful**, *sc.* from the certainty of his alliance with Lady Allworth.

l. 6, **right worshipful.** Marrall apparently fancies that when Wellborn is married to Lady Allworth he will have a right to the title of "right worshipful."

ll. 7, 8, **Is it . . . off?** are you standing with your hat off to cool your head.

l. 10, **To prove**, *i.e. as* to prove.

l. 13, **out of . . . cozenage**, merely on the prospect of being hereafter able to make his profit out of me: **cozenage**, from "F. *cousiner*, 'to claim kindred for advantage, or particular ends; as he who, to save charges in travelling, goes from house to house a *cosin* to the honour of everyone'; Cotgrave. So in modern F. *cousiner* is 'to call cousin, to sponge, to live upon other people'; Hamilton and Legros. The change of meaning from 'sponge' to 'beguile' or 'cheat' was easy" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

l. 14, **tis rank already**, his gross villany makes itself plain already.

l. 17, **but . . . correction**, but with the greatest deference.

l. 24, **I say no more**, to say the least of it.

l. 25, **a swine.** The word, though now generally used as a plural, is both singular and plural, being the A.S. *swin*, which as a neuter noun is unchangeable in the plural.

l. 26, **Before . . . you**, before I forgot the unpleasant scent of your dress, in the thought of the wealth that was to belong to you as her husband.

l. 27, **Amber**, here=ambergris, *i.e.* grey amber, a perfume much in fashion, especially in the cookery of those days. Cp. *The Custom of the Country*, iii. 2. 6, "Be sure the wines be . . . *amber'd* all."

l. 28, **This your batoon.** This cudgel of yours; for the construction, see Abb. § 239; **batoon**, from "O.F. *baston*,—Low Lat. accusative *bastonem*, from *basto*, a stick" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

l. 29, **for change**, to enable you to change your dress for one more suitable.

l. 30, **presently**. See note on ii. 1. 108.

l. 35, **Alas!** Not used as an exclamation of regret, but merely as one of assurance, confirmation of what he is saying.

l. 37, **with the lease**, by granting me the lease: **glebe land**, generally used of land attached to an ecclesiastical benefice, though the Lat. *gleba* meant nothing more than soil, a clod of earth.

l 38, **I would manure**, I should like to cultivate; the old sense of **manure**, which is a contraction of *manœuvre*, was simply "to work with the hand," and the modern meaning "to enrich with a fertilising substance" merely expresses a particular way of working in reference to tillage.

l. 40, **What's twenty pounds?** *i.e.* such a sum would go but a small way to satisfy my needs: **make**, get together, make up.

l. 42, **For one word**, by merely mentioning my wants; **for**, in answer to, as a result of: **As I . . . that**, of course I am well aware of that.

l. 44, **advantage**, opportunity of getting the better of me.

l. 46, **froward**, perverse, inclined to take her own way in order to thwart or vex another.

l. 47, **To hit . . . truth**, as we now say "to cast something in the teeth of another," to point out in a scornful way.

l. 48, **took me on**, engaged me, as she might a servant.

l. 50, **Something like myself**, in a way more worthy of my birth and breeding.

l. 53, **cozen'd**. See note on l. 13.

l. 57, **sweet**, easy, and therefore suitable to his purposes.

l. 60, **Sirrah**, sir; generally used in addressing inferiors, and, when used to equals or superiors, implying disrespect or undue familiarity; sometimes applied even to women.

l. 62, **pursy**, short-winded.

l. 63, **is he conjuring?** Marrall, lost in contemplation of Wellborn's change of circumstances, is concocting schemes for cheating him.

l. 64, **wrought**, worked upon, persuaded.

l. 66, **Compunction**, a pricking, an uneasy sensation.

l. 67, **So**, provided that.

l. 80, **Simple . . . here,** though I say it, insignificant creature that I am; unworthy though I am of such an honour; cp. *M.W.*, i. 1. 226, "he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here."

l. 84, **And . . . performance,** and regret their audacity afterwards.

l. 90, **Though . . . suitor?** Though I came, not with the assurance of a ready welcome such as awaits me with so many great ladies, but in all humility as a suitor for her hand; the pause emphasizes the word **suitor.**

l. 91, **your good Solicitorship,** a wretched solicitor, a pettifogging lawyer, like yourself.

l. 95, **Thy buttermilk cheeks,** that pasty face of yours, those cheeks sallow as buttermilk.

ll. 99, 100, **With a beggar's . . . chambermaids.** Overreach assumes that the dinner had been a plot of Wellborn's, and that one of the chambermaids had personated Lady Allworth.

l. 101, **quit,** discharge.

ll. 106, 7, **Was this . . . me?** were these the means you took to drive him to despair, as I instructed you to do? or were they not rather certain to thwart my plans?

l. 108, **The lying spirit.** An allusion to the lying spirit that came forth and stood before the Lord, and said, "I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets" (1 *Kings*, xxii. 22).

l. 112, **to receive him,** to give him a handsome welcome.

l. 113, **trim her up,** deck her in all her best finery.

l. 114, **paint her.** The painting of the face was even more common then than in the present day, and the writings of the time abound in satires of the custom.

Act III. Scene 1.

l. 3, **What sacrifice . . . watching,** there is no sacrifice which I could make in the way of reverence, etc., that would be an adequate return for all the kindness I have received.

l. 4, **Although . . . sleep,** even if I could serve you all night as well as all day.

l. 5, **to serve them,** to execute them.

l. 6, **in ne'er . . . shapes,** in shapes however horrid; an elliptical expression for "in shapes so horrid that they were never so horrid before."

l. 9, **But still . . . short,** without the requital falling short.

l. 13, **dearest,** most important; *dear* in Elizabethan English was used of anything that vitally affected a person, whether in a good or a bad way.

l. 17, **guard**, deck, adorn ; a frequent sense of the word in the old dramatists ; cp. *e.g. M.V.*, ii. 2. 164, *K.J.*, iv. 2. 10.

l. 19, **Still**, ever.

l. 22, **tax'd with**, reproached with, accused of ; *tax* and *task* are doublets.

l. 23, **part from**, forego, abandon, sacrifice.

l. 26, **condition'd**, formed by nature, constituted.

l. 31, **Pray . . . comparison**. Because it would seem to imply that Lovell was getting old.

ll. 34, 5, **shall truly . . . passions**, shall show you plainly that I am able to control my passions as a man, old enough to be regarded as a father, should do.

ll. 40, 1, **I will . . . Allworth !** I will be as careful of the interests of you whom I love so well as of the integrity of my honour.

l. 44, **bound . . . imprecations**, strengthened by oaths.

l. 48, **Against my confidence**, in spite of my being so sure of.

l. 54, **seconded with power**, powerfully seconded by opportunity, by intimate converse with her, and by her father's eager desire for the alliance.

l. 58, **Though I . . . myself**, even though by setting forth the charms of my mistress I only help to inflame your passion and so undo myself.

l. 62, **commanding . . . it.** A metaphor from war, in which cannon planted, so as to be able to fire down upon a town, etc., are said to command it. So we speak of a house on a height as "commanding" the valley beneath it.

ll. 64, 5, **Of all . . . sight**, in plain language, could affect those feelings only that are roused through the medium of sight and render it impossible for you to restrain them.

l. 67, **numerous**, musical ; so "numbers" is often used for "poetry."

l. 69, **stood**, resisted the songs of **Syrens**, more properly spelt "Sirens" or "Seirens." The allusion is to the story of Ulysses, who on coming near the island on the beach of which the Sirens were sitting, stuffed the ears of his companions with wax, and caused himself to be lashed to the mast of his vessel until he had passed out of earshot of the seductive music.

l. 74, **Arabia**, Arabia Felix, famous for its spices : **creating . . . spices**, causing the trees that bear aromatic gums and spices to blossom forth.

l. 75, **The van**. Keeping up the metaphor from war, as one specially suitable to a soldier like Lovell : **nectar**, properly the drink of the gods in Grecian mythology, then anything supremely delicious.

l. 77, **lined**, strengthened ; cp. *H. v.*, ii. 4. "To *line* and new

repair our towns of war;" and figuratively *ii. H. iv.*, i. 3. 27, "who *lined* himself with hope."

l. 78, **And knowing . . . Entertainment**, and manners well calculated to engage attention and interest.

ll. 79, 80, **Hippolytus . . . Venus**, even one as chaste as Hippolytus would find himself unable to control his passions. Hippolytus, son of Theseus, resisted the love offers of his step-mother, Phædra, who then accused him to Theseus of having tempted her. The story formed the subject of one of the most powerful of Euripides's dramas.

l. 81, **Grant . . . off**, supposing you resist all these charms.

l. 82, **in man**, in the power of man.

l. 83, **in . . . Overreach**, in the person of, etc.

l. 85, **more remarkable**, still more an object of wonder.

l. 89, **but ornaments . . . lustre**, mere external graces, the mere setting that enhances the beauty of the gem.

l. 90, **all perfection**, complete perfection.

l. 91, **Prevail for her**, so help as to make her irresistible.

l. 95, **And wrong . . . world**, and do not allow your judgment, your perception of what is valuable, to suffer in the eyes of the world.

l. 96, **fond**, foolish, excessive in its partiality.

l. 100, **some . . . riding**, not further than will take us about half an hour to reach.

SCENE 2.

l. 1, **dressers**, long tables on which the food is dressed, prepared, for cooking.

l. 2, **Store . . . sore**, a variation of the proverb "you cannot have too much of a good thing."

l. 5, **Or such . . . matter**, or plate in which the workmanship excels the material on which it is exercised.

l. 9, **Envy**, jealousy.

l. 10, **chargeable**, costly, expensive: **drudge**, menial-like creature.

l. 11, **Now . . . stake**, now that the projects for which I have so toiled are to be crowned with success or utterly to fail.

l. 15, **Almost . . . them**, hardly less than I love to express my gratitude for them. His gluttonous satisfaction at what is in store for him is emphasized in i. 3, but here his words seem to be the mere empty expressions of subservience with which he is ever ready.

ll. 16–8, **I do confer . . . care**, I empower you to use every care in looking after the feast, and further invest you with authority as absolute as my own to ensure that the feast be abundant as

well as skilfully cooked : **that providence**, the care, foresight, necessary for the purpose : **punctually**, with attention to the minutest details.

l. 20, **conceit**, opinion. The word literally means "what is conceived"; then, as men commonly conceive a too favourable idea of themselves, it came to mean an unduly good opinion of oneself.

l. 22, **For which . . . often**, in gratitude for which honour conferred on me.

l. 23, **and . . . justice**, and, in doing so, I shall be doing nothing more than what is justice; in that at all events, however I may fail at other times, I shall be doing pure justice.

l. 24, **It must be so.** Overreach has come to the conclusion that, in order to make sure of Lovell as a husband for his daughter, he must give her instructions to meet his advances readily, and not to risk losing him by any maidenly coyness.

l. 25, **it**, her retiring disposition.

l. 28, **Alone**, let me speak to you with nobody by.

l. 30, **orient**, bright; as frequently in the dramatists.

l. 31, **affects me not**, does not please me, is not sufficiently splendid; see note on ii. 2. 52.

l. 33, **quaint fashion**, the fanciful way in which it is made and trimmed.

l. 34, **And how below?** and how as to your feet? have you put on your daintiest shoes?

l. 35, **The face observed**, after the face has been scanned.

ll. 37, 8, **Invites . . . art**, is as attractive as the most beautiful complexion whose colouring is due to nature, not to art.

l. 41, **her ladyship forgotten?** not giving herself airs because she is the wife of a knight, and so has a right to the title of "Lady."

l. 43, **I took . . . gown**, when I engaged her as your attendant, I found her dressed like a pauper, not like a lady : **tamin**, a coarse linsey-wolsey stuff; F. *etamine.*

l. 44, **Even . . . chops**, so poor that she could not afford two-pence to buy a mutton-chop to save herself from starving.

l. 48, **the counter.** There were at this time three prisons of this name in London, two in the city and one in Southwark, and frequent mention is made of them in the literature of the time. All this talk of "the lady Downfallen" is merely an excuse to lead up to the subject of Margaret's bashfulness, and to the advice her scoundrelly father wishes, but hesitates, to give her.

l. 49, **You . . . ways**, you are the best judge of your own actions; it is not for me to advise how you should act.

l. 52, **The blest . . . wealth**, the child for whom I have so slaved, and who ought to think herself fortunate in the wealth which for her enjoyment I have amassed.

l. 56, **hail**, haul, forcibly pull down; an older form of *haul*

l. 57, **apt**, adapt, fit.

l. 58, **To the noble . . . thee**, to the noble state *to which* I, etc. For the omission of the relative, see Abb. 244.

l. 60, **to**, for.

l. 61, **And throw . . . care**, and cast you off, no longer caring for you as a daughter; cp. *Lear*, i. 1. 115–22.

l. 67, **a Norfolk dumpling**. "A small globular pudding, made merely with dough and yeast, and boiled for twenty minutes according to the approved receipt of that county" (Halliwell, *Arch. and Prov. Dict.*). Cp. *The City Madam*, ii. 1. 13, "three sucking pigs . . . Besides the *puddings* in their bellies, made of I know not what."

ll. 69, 70, **Would . . . out!** another jeer at the "lean skeleton."

l. 71, **Without . . . dumpling?** without any order being given as to the dumpling? Greedy can hardly believe such insensibility to a matter of this importance to be possible in any one.

l. 74, **mistress dumpling**, my well-loved dumpling.

l. 79, **A bold . . . one**, a soldier of courage and intelligence.

ll. 81, 2, **but such . . . glory**, but such as rise up to be the pride of the nation.

l. 83, **'Slight**, a contraction of "by God's light," as *'sblood* of "by God's blood," *zounds* or *swounds* of "by God's wounds," etc., used in order to escape the penalties of profane swearing.

ll. 87, 8, **Make . . . dozen**. The woodcock was formerly accounted a very foolish bird, either because it was easily snared, or because it was supposed to have no brains in its head: **the baker's dozen**, it being usual for bakers to sell thirteen loaves, etc., for a dozen.

l. 89, **to my mind**, as I wish.

l. 91, **with . . . butter**. It is usual, with the woodcock, to serve up the trail, part of the intestines, on a piece of buttered toast.

ll. 94, 5, **pray you . . . brawn**, be good enough to take yourself off and stop your mouth by eating; a collar of brawn is the neck-piece of a wild-boar; from Lat. *collum*, neck.

l. 98, **this gull**, this foolish fellow; gulls were formerly believed to be very stupid birds.

l. 101, **quality**, rank.

l. 103, **Be thou . . . myself**, provided you do not stand in your own light by being over-prudish in your behaviour.

l. 104, **Shall . . . down**, being put in the balance with his rank shall bring the scales level.

l. 105, **to assure him thine**, to make sure of winning him.

l. 107, **And not . . . with**, *sc.* by any affectation of coyness, any appearance of hesitation in accepting his advances,

l. 108, **coy it**, play the prude. For the **indefinite it**, see Abb. § 206.

l. 109, **this mincing modesty**, the show of modesty sometimes affected by women to stimulate the ardour of their lovers; to "mince" is literally to "chop small," then of the gait to "take small steps," to "go delicately," and so of the manner to "behave in an affected way."

l. 110, **in vain . . . for**, it being too late afterwards to repair the mistake and bring on the match again.

l. 112, **Virgin . . . virgins!** don't prate to me about virgins! see note on i. 3. 28.

l. 113, **the man of honour**, the honourable lord.

l. 115, **lost**, *i.e.* in his favour.

l. 120, **Must . . . me**, must be employed to attain my ends: **Sir . . . trouble**, cp. *Macb.*, i. 6. 11, 2, "The love that follows us sometime is our trouble, Which still we thank as love."

l. 124, **this**, the honour of shaking hands with him.

l. 126, **Room . . . lord**, make way for his lordship. The title is so pleasant to Overreach's lips that he cannot repeat it too often.

l. 128, **Greek wine**, wine from the Ionian Islands, such as Candy, Muscadel.

l. 129, **attend**, wait on with welcome.

l. 130, **to my wish**, the very thing I hoped for.

l. 133, **meet**, *sc.* with gladness.

l. 135, **my honourable daughter**. The title of "honourable" which would belong to her if she married a peer.

l. 136, **Put on**, be covered; do not stand bareheaded.

l. 137, **forget yourself**, by standing bareheaded before your daughter.

l. 138, **be instructed**, show yourself obedient to my teaching in regard to your reception of Lord Lovell.

l. 139, **A black-brow'd girl**. Said with an affected depreciation of her beauty; cp. *ii. H. iv.*, iii. 2. 9. "*Shallow*. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen? *Silence*. Alas, a *black ousel*, cousin Shallow!"

Stage Direction. salutes, kisses. In those days the custom of kissing at an introduction, after a dance, etc., still prevailed.

l. 141, **Came . . . off**, was given with good-will, was no mere formality, but evidently thoroughly enjoyed: **I like it**, I am delighted to see that he admires her.

l. 144, **I am past learning**, I am too old myself to profit by lessons of love.

l. 145, **remember**, *sc.* his instructions.

l. 148, **Into . . . wife**, for that of a happy wife.

ll. 148, 9, **His haste . . . will**, however great his haste to see me made a wife, his wishes do not control my will.

l. 150, **Which . . . break**, even my duty, if too great a strain

be put upon it, may refuse to bear the trial: **Bend rather,** I trust it will show itself pliant rather than snap under pressure.

l. 152, **And choicest . . . wither,** and a maiden, if married too young, soon loses those attractions for which she was admired. Margaret develops the figurative language suggested bv the bending of a branch.

l. 154, **advance,** in point of rank.

l. 156, **But never . . . footing,** but never hope *to find* firm footing; never hope for any permanent happiness.

l. 158, **And tissues . . . ill,** and the union of those widely distant from each other in birth and rank is never a happy one: **tissue** is cloth interwoven with gold and silver, and in **scarlet** there is an allusion to the scarlet gowns of the mayors and aldermen of London, the highest dignities to which a mere citizen, like Margaret's father, could rise.

l. 162, **by their postures,** to judge from their being seated so close to each other.

l. 164, **when . . . noon,** when my hunger tells me it is dinner-time; see note on i. 2. 9.

l. 165, **are run out,** have been baked so long that the meat has escaped from the crust: **the roast . . . powder,** the roast-meat has been so much overdone that it is almost as dry as powder.

l. 168, **barathrum,** devouring gulf.

l. 170, **Edwardi quinto,** according to the fifth statute of the reign of Edward.

l. 171, **mainprize,** a writ directed to the Sheriff, commanding him to take sureties for a prisoner's appearance; also delivery of a prisoner on security for his appearance, in which latter sense it is here used; from F. *main*, hand, and *prise*, a taking, originally the feminine of *pris*, pp. of *prendre*, to take, seize.

l. 176, **made up,** ratified, concluded.

l. 183, **howe'er,** nevertheless.

l. 184, **an amorous carriage,** an appearance of loving.

l. 185, **prone,** only too ready.

l. 188, **coming,** ready to meet my wishes.

l. 191, **'Twere . . . defendant,** it would detract from the honour of the defending party.

l. 193, **and you . . . to't,** and to which you must be a consenting party.

l. 194, **towardly,** tractable, ready to meet one's wishes half way.

ll. 203, 4, **for I . . . objected,** for I am prepared to meet all objections that Overreach may make to your introduction to his company.

ll. 204, 5, **No, . . . me!** See ii. 3. 108: **Patch,** fool; a term probably derived from the particoloured dresses of court fools. Others derive the word from the name of a fool of Wolsey's. **As,**

however, he had *two* fools so called, who also had other names, it seems likely that this designation of them was due to their dress.

l. 209, **to prevent**, to anticipate by coming to meet me here.

l. 211, **laid . . . you**, tried to intercept you on your way here.

l. 212, **inn**, resting-place. The original sense of the word was a house, then the special kind of house at which wayfarers stop in their travels.

ll. 214, 5, **having . . . stay**, having in the beauty of your hostess (Margaret) so good an excuse for prolonging your stay.

l. 217, **With the relation . . . you**, to tell you how eager I am to welcome you.

l. 218, **I borrowed . . . restraint**, I so far cut short the long confinement which I have put upon myself since my husband's death.

l. 225, **If meat . . . satisfied**, you shall have no reason to complain of your entertainment if it is in the power of rich repasts to satisfy you.

l. 226, **take . . . knowledge**, allow me to present to you, make you acquainted with.

l. 228, **His . . . linings**, his personal qualities.

l. 229, **at large**, in such large terms of praise.

l. 230, **howso'er . . . him**, however caprice induces him.

l. 236, **faith**, in truth.

ll. 238, 9, **This is . . . himself.** See ii. 1. 89, etc., and ii. 3. 91.

ll. 240, 1, **Well . . . hereafter**, I will pay you out at a future day for daring to cast my own words in my teeth.

ll. 243–5, **Let my silence . . . fortunes**, I do not now care to defend myself against the rumours you have heard as to my conduct, but beg you to let the subject rest till a better opportunity offers itself for the telling of my story. The words are part of the conversation which had taken place aside between Wellborn and Lovell.

l. 247, **Nay, . . . Wellborn**, nay, do not hang back ; you are here as my guest, and as such are sure of a welcome.

l. 249, **If . . . leave**, if I had time for any thoughts but those of eating.

l. 255, **Set**, seated.

l. 256, **wording**, waste of time in talking.

l. 257, **his good friend**, and therefore one with whom he need not stand upon ceremony.

l. 260, **Excuse him**, pardon his making such a request.

ll. 262, 3, **'Tis but . . . fast**, it is but an act of penance instead of a meal, and cannot make much difference to you (said as though Greedy were a man who cared nothing for eating, and would as gladly mortify his flesh as pamper it with high feeding) ; besides,

you have already had something to eat, which will enable you to do without dinner.

l. 264, **to stay my stomach**, to prevent my stomach from utterly collapsing, to quiet the cravings of my appetite.

l. 265, **a tatterdemalion**, a ragged wretch like Wellborn.

l. 266, **bug words**, threatening words, abusive language ; from *bug*, a hobgoblin. Cp. *T.S.*, i. 2. 211, "fear boys with *bugs* ;" Dryden, *Sir Martin Mar-all*, i. 1, "Death is a *bug-word*."

l. 268, **If you will . . . worship**, if you will lay aside some of your dignity.

SCENE 3.

l. 1, **She**, *i.e.* Lady Allworth.

l. 6, **He . . . pledge**, he being the person she pledges in drinking, the person whose health she drinks.

l. 11, **makes for me**, is for my advantage.

l. 12, **as I . . . him**, for so my designs shall manage matters.

ll. 16, 7, **the rogue . . . on**, see ii. 3.

l. 18, **cannot . . . him**, cannot bear to lose sight of him for a moment.

l. 23, **the poet**, Ovid.

l. 27, **Excuse my manners**, in having left the dinner-table.

l. 28, **none**, no excuse.

l. 29, **Father**. It was customary in those days for those betrothed to term one another "husband" and "wife," even before the marriage ceremony, and consequently their future parents-in-law "father" and "mother." Cp. *M.A.*, iv. 1. 24, "*Father*, by your leave: Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?" So in *T.S.*, ii. 1. 318, the betrothal scene, Petruchio says, "Provide the feast, *father*, and bid the guests ;" and 323, "*Father* and *wife*, and gentlemen, adieu."

l. 30, **Seal to it**, affix her seal to the bond, ratify the contract with Lovell. The principal was said to "seal *to*" a bond, the sureties to "seal *under*."

ll. 33, 4, **'Tis your . . . such**, it is your generosity that makes you consider it worthy of thanks.

l. 37, **Good . . . Margaret!** said as she salutes her at parting.

l. 43, **This parting kiss**, *i.e.* allow me to give you this farewell kiss.

l. 51, **Past hope . . . fortunes**, fallen so low in their fortune as to be past recovery.

l. 55, **yield**, acknowledge, confess.

l. 56, **now I see**, now *that* I see.

l. 61, **shape**, attire, outward appearance.

l. 65, **pawn**, pledge; from "F. *pan*, 'a pane, piece, or panel of a wall; also a pawn, or gage, also the skirt of a gown, the pane of a hose, of a cloak, etc.;' Cotgrave.—Lat. *pannum*, accusative of *pannus*, a cloth, rag, piece . . . The explanation of this peculiar use of the word lies in the fact that a piece of clothing is the readiest article to leave in pledge . . ." (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

ll. 65, 6, **that no clamour . . . debts**, in order that no one may be able to cast it in your teeth that you have not paid off your petty debts.

l. 67, **to cut them off**, to clear them off completely.

l. 68, **And go . . . man**, and be a free man when you marry.

l. 69, **and no ends else**, without any design in the background.

l. 74, **In a man's extremes**, to a man like myself in the lowest depths of despair.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

l. 2, **mind . . . affairs**, give your whole attention to your own affairs, your project of winning Margaret.

l. 5, **and to your honour**, and with the result of honouring you.

l. 6, **engaged**, bound, under an obligation: **want**, lack.

l. 14, **And reason . . . lordship**, and with good reason, seeing that I come to wait on your lordship.

l. 18, **croaks for**, hungrily demands. Cp. *Lear*, iii. 6. 33, "Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. *Croak* not, black angel; I have no food for thee."

l. 22, **Upon your credit**, pledging yourself to answer truthfully.

l. 31, **you are . . . provided**, you are sure to have a good appetite.

l. 33, **no difference!** do you make no difference in the way you treat him and me?

l. 35, **I may . . too**, the day will come when I shall find means of fitting you, of treating you as you deserve.

l. 36, **Toss'd . . . still!** am I ever to be treated with this contumely!

l. 39, **my ring**. The custom of using a signet ring as an emblem of authority, a passport to admission, etc., was a very ancient one.

l. 41, **occasion**, need.

l. 43, **Still . . . token**, still using my ring as a proof that you are authorised by me: **it**, the business of the marriage.

l. 50, **a shield of brawn**, a side or flitch of brawn: **Colchester oysters**, as famous then as those of Whitstable now.

l. 51, **to scour my stomach**, to cleanse my stomach of all

obstacles and fit it for the reception of food. Cp. Middleton, *Michaelmas Term*, iii. 1. 218–21, "This Rhenish wine is like the *scouring* stick to a gun, it makes the barrel clear; it has an excellent virtue, it keeps all the sinks in man and woman's body sweet in June and July."

l. 53, **Flushing**, a seaport of the Netherlands on the island of Walcheren. To what incident allusion is here made, I cannot say; but hangmen then, as now, were regarded as pariahs.

ll. 55, 6, **to line . . . coffer**, to fill my stomach: **a Christmas coffer** was a box in which in former days apprentices, etc., collected alms; it was generally made of earthenware with a slit in the side for contributions which could only be got at by breaking the box, and possibly it is to its earthen character that Greedy alludes in comparing his stomach to it.

l. 56, **to my wish**, as I could have wished.

l. 58, **That . . . trivial**, that would be but a scanty dower.

l. 66, **seat**, estate.

l. 69, **A summer progress**, when in summer time you were travelling about from one country-seat to another. An allusion to the royal progresses or tours through the country which were often so burdensome to the subject; cp. *The Guardian*, i. 1, "By this means he shall scape court visitants, And not be eaten out of house and home In *a summer progress*."

l. 72, **The large revenue**, *sc.* that goes with it.

l. 77, **for those once Wellborn's**, for as soon as they pass into the possession of Wellborn.

l. 83, **own**, become possessed of.

l. 86, **censured**. Here used in the more modern sense of condemned, but frequent in Elizabethan English in the neutral sense of *appraised*, in accordance with the derivation from Lat. *censura*, an opinion.

l. 95, **That the immaculate**, that *neither* the immaculate; the former of the two negatives omitted as in ii. 2. 70.

l. 98, **candour**, whiteness, purity, of reputation.

l. 101, **dance**, dandle, rock.

l. 103, **nil ultra**, literally "nothing beyond"; a very frequent expression in the dramatists for the summit of ambition, hope, desire.

l. 105, **port**, state, splendid manner of living; literally, carriage, bearing. Cp. *M.V.*, i. 2. 124, "By sometime showing a more swelling *port* Than my faint means would grant continuance."

l. 110, **find**, reach, touch.

l. 113, **practices**, contrivances; often used in a bad sense without any qualifying epithet.

l. 116, **pined**, starved. The passage reads like a reminiscence of *Macb.*, i. 2. 35, 6, "*Dun.* Dismay'd not this our captains,

Macbeth and Banquo. *Ser.* Yes; As sparrows, eagles, or the hare, the lion."

l. 118, **I am . . . course.** Cp. *J.C.*, iii. 1. 68–70, "Yet in the number I do know but one That unassailable holds on his rank, Unshaked of motion, and that I am he Let me a little show it, even in this."

l. 119, **can make that right,** can justify that.

l. 120, **wrong,** used in a double sense, (1) that which is opposed to right, (2) an injury; so in the line above **right** is equivocal.

l. 121, **piddling,** trifling, paltry; "perhaps," says Skeat, "a weakened form of *peddle*, originally to deal in trifles; hence to trifle."

ll. 124, 5, **or grand . . . common,** or chief encloser of public land as a part of my own property. This enclosing of land that was common to a village, or township, by wealthy proprietors of the neighbourhood was a frequent source of complaint. Among the few incidents we know of Shakespeare's life was his resistance to a scheme for enclosing certain common lands about Stratford, to which the corporation of the town were also strongly opposed, contending that it would increase the distress of the poorer classes, already suffering from a recent disastrous fire. Massinger again, *The Guardian*, ii. 4. 84, *et seq.*, refers to such enclosers as among those whom bandits would be justified in plundering.

l. 129, **a powerful charm,** acts like magic in making me insensible.

l. 131, **admire,** wonder at.

l. 135, **in little,** in a few brief words; summed up shortly.

ll. 136, 7, **these . . . ways,** *by* these ways; here **ways** has the adverbial force of nouns in the possessive case; cp. *T.N.*, ii. 5. 1, "Come *thy ways;*" *M.W.*, ii. 2. 50, "Come a little nearer this ways."

l. 144, **One story . . . it,** I will raise the edifice of your rank one storey higher, and make you an earl, if that is to be effected by money, by bribing those who are in a position to procure an earldom for you.

l. 145, **Dispute . . . faith,** do not make any objection on the score of my religion or the faith I profess.

ll. 147, 8, **You may . . . equal,** you may call upon me to make profession of any religion you like, for to me one is as good as another.

l. 152, **To hear,** at hearing. For the infinitive used indefinitely, see Abb. § 356.

l. 154, **Confirmed . . . assertions,** obstinately declaring himself without belief in God.

l. 155, **Olympus** was properly the chain of mountains running

from the Adriatic to the Gulf of Florence, but was ordinarily used to denote the extreme eastern part of the chain regarded as the seat of the gods. Here, however, Massinger has confused Olympus and Parnassus. The two highest summits of this latter range, which stretches from Oeta, in Thessaly, to the Corinthian Gulf, were Tithorea and Lycorea (whence it is spoken of by the poets as "double-headed" Parnassus), and were celebrated as the seat of the Muses.

l. 156, **Boreas**, the north wind, or more strictly the wind from N.N.E.

l. 157, **Save you.** Merely a courteous form of address.

l. 161, **discovery of himself**, revelation of his true character.

l. 162, **And read . . matins**, and made such a fiend-like profession of his faith; **matins**, morning prayers; from F. *matin*, an adjective used as a substantive = the morning, from Lat. *matutinum*, belonging to the morning.

l. 163, **next to his**, almost as great as his.

ll. 164, 5, **I ne'er press'd . . privacies**, I never intruded upon any one's secrets.

l. 167, **your lodgings**, the rooms you occupy.

l. 168, **partaker**, sharer in the knowledge of.

l. 170, **hence.** For the omission of the verb of motion, see Abb. § 405.

l. 171, **Your wiser counsel**, your advice which is sure to be wiser than any thoughts of mine; though the comparative has really here, as frequently, little more force than the positive.

l. 173, **so near to force**, *i.e. as* to force; see Abb. § 281.

l. 175, **our distance**, the distance which it is proper for us to keep.

ll. 180–6, **As you are . . . fortunes**, as you are noble by birth —though common men aim at nothing higher than mere sordid wealth—it will not be becoming in you, or any of your rank (such being bound rather to add fresh glory to their descent than to increase the possessions left them by their ancestors), to busy yourself about heaping up riches. The sentence is complicated by the admixture of the general and the particular, an admixture due to the speaker's wish to be polite.

ll. 188, 9, **to be a useful . . . master**, to be useful if properly employed, but dangerous if allowed to obtain a mastery over the soul: **confessed**, admitted.

l. 191, **wrongs**, injurious actions.

l. 192, **Slide . . . off**, of their own accord slink from the scale.

l. 195, **bravely purchased**, nobly acquired; to "purchase" was also frequently used for acquiring by evil means, a cant euphemism for stealing.

l. 179, **to make good**, to prop up, give strength to.

l. 201, **well qualified**, endowed with noble qualities.

ll. 201, 2, **the richest . . . of**, the most richly dowered of all the maidens that this part of the country can with pride offer in marriage.

ll. 203, 4, **fill . . . father**, stop their mouths, prevent their gossipping about her low birth as compared with yours.

ll. 205–8, **Or that . . . virtues**, or prevent their saying that your real inducement to marry her was not her beauty and virtues, but the possession of the lands wrung from my husband and Wellborn by means which you know only too well.

l. 213, **And there**, and *that* there ; **well to discharge**, in order to make the marriage a happy one : **discharge**, apparently used in the theatrical sense of performing a part.

l. 215, **cried up**, enhanced ; the sense here is that of bidding up as at an auction, whereby the selling price is raised.

l. 216, **can . . . neither**, cannot happily unite itself with either birth or wealth, either a highly born or a wealthy husband.

l. 219, **But . . . nearer**, I descend from generalities to particulars, I proceed to speak of the actual facts as they stand in regard to Margaret and myself.

l. 223, **adulterate my blood**, tarnish my noble birth.

l. 225, **London blue.** Blue was formerly the colour of the distinctive dress of servants, beadles, etc., and here Lovell says his descendants shall not on one side derive themselves from his own noble stock, and on the other from the daughter of a London usurer : **scarlet** here has nothing to do with the word as used by Margaret above, iii. 2. 156.

l. 228, **pretend . . . her**, pretend that you are anxious to marry her.

l. 230, **On**, in, as we should now say. Cp. Scott, *Marmion*, "Oh ! what a tangled web we weave When first we practise to deceive."

ll. 231, 2, **I make . . . question**, I cannot answer you better than by asking why, etc.

ll. 235, 6, **think you . . . conference ?** do you suppose that everybody is not talking of this sudden change of behaviour ? **or the favours**, or *that* the favours.

l. 238, **Being . . . before**, you having hitherto kept yourself at such unnecessary distance from all who sought your favour.

l. 239, **here**, in this matter.

l. 241, **event**, result.

l. 243, **an offered means**, a good opportunity.

l. 244, **To search . . . further**, for each of us to learn more of the other, to become better acquainted with each other's character, objects, views, etc.

l. 245, **care of me**, consideration of me, courteous solicitude on

my account, *sc.* in her interest as regards his intentions towards Margaret.

ll. 246, 7, **Deny . . . discourse,** allow me to spend the rest of the afternoon in all respectful conversation with you.

l. 247, **So . . . you,** provided you keep within those limits, I shall be glad to listen to you.

SCENE 2.

l. 3, **He has . . . sure,** assuredly he has justified his name.

l. 7, **Master justice.** This prefix of "master" still survives in "Mr Justice So-and-So," but formerly was very common before other titles, as "master doctor," "master parson," "master mayor," etc., and, in their excess of courtesy, Dogberry and Verges speak even of "master gentleman Conrade," "master signor Leonato," *M.A.*, iv. 2. 17, v. 1. 266.

l. 9, **Woe . . . us.** The older phrase is "woe is me," "him," etc., the pronouns being in the dative ; see Abb. 230.

l. 11, **all the passages . . . house,** all that passed, took place, in the house ; cp. *Cymb.*, iii. 4. 94, "It is no act of common *passage*, but A strain of rareness."

l. 13, **When . . . Wellborn,** when people knew him by no other title than "rogue Wellborn."

l. 14, **his information,** any information he might lay against us ; not his mere knowledge on the subject.

l. 15, **right worshipful,** held in honour by all men.

l. 19, **the drum,** beaten by way of advertisement, as the town-crier of old gathered people together by ringing a bell when about to announce sales, losses, etc. The Indian student will be familiar with the part the drum plays at auctions.

l. 22, **chronicled for it,** mentioned in the chronicle histories of the time as a famous man. These old chronicles were not above relating events of a trivial nature.

l. 23, **pageants,** shows, spectacles, generally of an allegorical character, very common in those days.

l. 26, **petitioned too!** not clamorously assailed by creditors anxious for payment, but made the subject of petitions as though I were some great man!

l. 28, **trash,** frequently used in a slighting way of money ; as we now say, "dross."

l. 29, **I shall be,** they will soon salute me as.

l. 31, **You may be,** as there is every likelihood of your being.

l. 35, **for my admittance,** in order to ensure your receiving me into your favour and service.

l. 38, **Fear . . . Giles,** you have my word for it that you need

not fear Sir Giles: **me**, for *me*, the ethical dative giving liveliness to the expression; see Abb. § 220.

l. 40, **tide**, time; especially used in combination with feasts, anniversaries, etc., *e.g.* Christmas-tide, Shrove-tide: **a couple . . . turkies**, cp. Fletcher, *The Elder Brother*, ii. 1, "when your Worship's tenants Bring a light cause and heavy hens before you, Both fat and feasible, a goose or pig, And then you sit, like Equity, with both hands Weighing indifferently the state o' the question." Hales, *Notes and Essays on Shakespeare*, pp. 219, 20, referring to *A.Y.L.*, ii. 7. 153, quotes Wither, "Now poor men to the justices With capons make their errants, And if they fail of these, They plague them with their warrants," and remarks, "That is, the capon was a tribute fully expected, and as good as exacted; it was 'understood' that it should be duly paid in:" . . . **turkies**, the older spelling, the singular formerly being *turky* or *turkie*. The bird, however, did not originally come from Turkey, but from America; Skeat points out that Turkey was formerly a vague term, and often meant Tartary.

l. 43, **on such terms**, on condition of your presenting me yearly with a couple of turkeys.

l. 44, **As ever . . . fossets**, as ever kept an alehouse; a *fosset*, or more properly a *faucet*, is the spigot or vent of a barrel, which is lifted out in order to allow of the liquor running more freely from the tap in consequence of the draught of air thus created.

l. 37, **by your place**, as a justice of the peace.

l. 48, **You are rather to**, you are bound rather to.

l. 49, **call . . . license**, revoke his license, as a justice of the peace was empowered to do in case of its abuse.

l. 50, **the next fair**, held for the sale of cattle, poultry, etc.

l. 56, **Would hang him**, would be enough by its rascally look to condemn him to death.

l. 57, **the great Turk**. From the extent of his power and the cruel use of it, the Sultan of Turkey came to be a name to conjure with, a word to be used as a bugbear to frighten people with: **came**, should come.

l. 59, **name**, reputation.

l. 62, **Suffolk cheese**. The county, from its rich pastures, is still famous for its cheeses, especially those called "cream-cheeses": **gammon of bacon**, thigh of a pig, pickled and dried; from "O.F. *gambon*, the old form of *jambon* . . . formed, with suffix, *on*, from O.F. *gambe*, a leg" (Skeat, *Ety. Dict.*).

l. 63, **esculent**, eatable thing; Lat. *esca*, food, with a suffix.

l. 64, **emolument**, profit; especially used of money, and here merely an effort on Greedy's part to frighten Tapwell by a parade of "bug words": **then drink only**, drink and nothing but drink. Shakespeare, *T.S.*, *Ind.*, ii. 25, speaks of "shere ale,"

which has by some been supposed to mean unmixed, pure, ale, but here nothing so complimentary to Tapwell's liquor can be meant.

l. 68, **thy sign**, in front of his alehouse. In former days not only taverns, but shops and even private houses, had their "signs" which served the purpose of the modern numbering or naming of the house.

l. 69, **And . . . eat.** Greedy could not evidence his zeal in the matter more clearly than by giving it precedence over his appetite.

l. 72, **decay'd**, bankrupt.

l. 74, **muscadine**, a rich wine made from Muscadel grapes. "*Vinum muscatum, quod moschi odorem referat, propter dulcedinem,* for the sweetnesse and smell, it resembles muske," etc. (Minsheu, *Guide into Tongues*, 1619).

l. 75, **after-drinkings**, liquor taken after or between meals; Shakespeare's "by-drinkings," *i. H. iv.*, iii. 3. 84, or "bevers" as they were also called.

l. 76, **the Bankside**. "A part of the borough of Southwark where were once four public theatres, the Globe, the Swan, the Rose, and the Hope . . ." (Nares, *Gloss.*).

l. 77, **laid . . . you**, feed bailiffs to lie in wait to arrest you.

l. 79, **set . . . again**, *i.e.* in trade.

l. 80, **a mere botcher**, a mere mender of clothes, not having the capital to buy material for making up clothes.

ll. 83, 4, **I was . . . stall**, I could no longer afford to hire a shop, but was obliged to content myself with a stall set up in the open streets. Stalls were sheds outside shops, in which goods were exposed for sale. Wright, on *Cor.*, ii 1. 198, illustrates the word from Defoe's *History of the Plague in London*, "During the interval the master of the house took his opportunity to break a large hole through his shop into a bulk or *stall*, where commonly a cobbler had sat before or under his shop window." Stalls are still seen on market days, though generally in the open market-place.

l. 84, **botch no more**, set up as a tailor again instead of continuing a "mere botcher."

l. 89, 90, **knew to choose**. knew how to choose, showed her discernment of character.

l. 94, **your respect**, the respect you have so often shown me.

l. 96, **on before**, precede me; here dismissing him.

l. 102, **will . . . for**, will demand of you.

l. 105, **Be . . . rough**, answer him with curt, rough, words only.

l. 106, **upon**, in the matter of.

l. 108, **defeated of it**, cheated of it; done out of it, in slang parlance; from F. *defaire*, to undo.

l. 109, **I shall deserve it,** the good turn I am going to do you will deserve your forgiveness.

l. 110, **pass'd it over,** made it over, resigned it.

l. 111, **about him,** on his person.

l. 114, **play . . . prize,** a technical term at fencing in which the scholar had to give proof before his master of skill in the art sufficient to justify his being certified as one fit to teach.

l. 116, **Jack Marrall,** said in a complacent tone as though his name were synonymous with an honest fellow.

SCENE 3.

l. 2, **temperance,** self-restraint, in not making use of his opportunity to win her heart. The word is now generally restricted to moderation in drinking, as *intemperance* to excess, but of old meant self-restraint generally, as in *Macb.*, iv. 3. 92, "the king-becoming graces, As justice, verity, *temperance*, stableness."

l. 4, **Hope's anchor.** Hope is frequently symbolised by an anchor, as faith by a cross.

l. 5, **it,** your praise.

l. 6, **bounty,** mere goodness, not earned as a right.

l. 8, **in that high office,** before God.

l. 12, **to fill . . . greatness,** in order to win a titled husband.

l. 14, **hold out,** refuse to yield to.

l. 16, **when . . . you,** in contrast with those who without waiting to be thus sought, are ready to proffer their love.

l. 17, **tender,** solicitous.

l. 18, **with your wrong,** since in so doing I injure you, stand in the way of your advancement.

l. 19, **yet and ever,** now as ever.

l. 20, **content,** happiness, contentment with my lot.

l. 21, **raked . . . care,** which can only be obtained with the accompaniment of anxiety.

l. 24, **Beyond . . . mines,** more than all the wealth of the Indies; the diamond mines of Golkonda are especially alluded to.

l. 25, **slaves . . . will,** exacts of me the obedience of a slave.

l. 29, **the repulse,** the rejection of Lord Lovell.

l. 33, **hearse,** bier. Skeat quotes Way's note on *Promptorium Parvulorum*: "This term is derived from a sort of pyramidal candlestick, or frame for supporting lights, called *hercia* or *herpica*, from its resemblance in form to a harrow . . . It was not, at first, exclusively a part of funeral display, but was used in the solemn services of the holy week" . . . and adds, "The changes of sense are (1) a harrow, (2) a triangular frame for lights in a church service, (3) a frame for lights at a funeral, (4) a funeral

l. 22, **They are equal**, each is as much in love as the oth r.

ll. 23, 4, **to fear . . . building**, to fear as to the security of the plans.

l. 27, **undertakers**, schemers, designing persons ; often used in this sinister sense.

ll. 27, 8, **not the trial . . . innocents**, not an experiment suited to the capacity af two persons so unskilled in plots as we are.

l. 33, **abuse**, behave ill towards ; do not requite with proper gratitude.

ll. 38, 9, **May be . . . omen!** may he be overreached ! That you should have used his very name in describing the failure of those who fancy themselves so wise is an omen of our success.

ll. 41, **motion**, proposition, suit.

l. 45, **this great favour**, the offer of his love.

l. 51, **a Spaniard**, in whose eyes marriage with a widow would seem an unworthy act. Spaniards are proverbial for their jealousy, and Massinger seems to have extended this propensity to a dislike of marrying a woman whose love has already been given to another man.

l. 58, **confirms me**, adds to my assurance.

l. 63, **and allied so**, and having been married to one of noble birth.

l. 75, **in my . . . acknowledgment**, in my unqualified admission.

l. 77, **when . . . it**, if at any time you should think fit to demand its sacrifice in your behalf.

ll. 79, 80, **You could . . . in**, you could not find any garb that would show your character to more advantage.

l. 88, **took**, was successful.

l. 94, **You shall direct me**, I am glad to obey your wish.

l. 95, **I shall sol fa you**, I'll make you sing, and sing a tune you will not like ; **sol, fa**, are the names of the two notes C and F in the tonic scale, but no consecutive notes : for a similar threat, cp. *R.J.*, iv. 5. 121, "*Pet.* I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you ; do you note me ? *First Mus.* An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us."

l. 97, **And so . . . choler**, and in that way fit to soothe my anger.

l. 99, **slept**, remained unopened. This leads up to the unexpected appearance of the document when opened.

l. 100, **cry quittance**, have my revenge, cry "now we are quits."

l. 102, **did you see**, have you seen ; the aorist for the perfect tense ; see Abb. § 347.

l. 104, **discover**, reveal their place of abode.

ll. 105–8, **And, . . . favour**, and, as a first confirmation of the high station which is now hers by marriage, see your ladyship

standing on her left hand (*i.e.* yielding her precedence) and curtseying low to her when she merely nods to you with proud condescension; a favour which you must most humbly acknowledge.

l. 110, **as I am myself**, being what I am, *sc.* a lady about whose position there is no doubt, as there is about your daughter's position.

l. 112, **her honour**, her ladyship, as you assume that she is entitled to be called: cp. "your peevishness," iv. 3. 100.

l. 114, **No more!** is that all the respect you show me? Do you address me with a curt "Sir"?

ll. 115, 6, **Have your . . . insolent?** has the fact that I have taken your clothes out of pawn made you so insolent?

l. 119, **'Tis rank**, it is very evident.

l. 122, **bravely**, audaciously: **buzz**, rumour.

l. 126, **peremptory**, short and decisive in your answer.

l. 128, **put . . . security**, furnish me with some trustworthy security.

l. 129, **by statute**, *i.e.* some security based upon a document valid in law.

l. 131, **lavender.** Things pawned were euphemistically said to be laid up in lavender.

l. 135, **in pure . . . else.** See above, iii. 3. 69.

l. 136, **end . . . ends**, don't talk to me about ends; see note on i. 3. 28: **engage**, include in your bond.

l. 141, **Shall . . . security?** are you going to give me the security I demand?

l. 144, **Outbraved!** am I scorned and flouted by you!

l. 145, **about him**, as we speak of a man having his wits about him, but here with a reference to the bonds by which he had tricked Wellborn out of his property, and which Marrall had said (iv. 2. 111) he would be sure to bring with him.

l. 146, **Arm'd . . . him**, secure in the villanies he ever has at hand to attain his ends.

ll. 149, 50, **You may . . . scene**, that is a thing in which he will probably be quite ready to meet your wishes, so long as you choose a proper place and do not make my house the scene of your combat.

ll. 150, 1, **Were't . . . do't.** Such irregular sequences of tenses were not uncommon formerly; see Abb. 371.

l. 151, **put him to**, urge him to.

ll. 153, 4, **For fighting . . . incitement**, as for your wish that you had me "single in the field," be assured I shall find you plenty of work, give you plenty to do, in that way, if you show the slightest inclination to challenge me.

l. 156, **howe'er**, although.

l. 157, **recover**, force you to make restitution of.

l. 159, **challenge**, claim.

ll. 162, 3, **That had . . . descents**, that had been handed down from father to son through twenty generations of the Wellborn family.

l. 166, **pass'd over**, made over as a possession.

l. 168, **which . . . discharge**, and if you are now willing to give up that trust.

l. 176, **extended . . . use**, made over for my enjoyment. To "extend," or "make an extent of" property is in law to issue a writ of execution whereby lands, goods, etc., are seized on forfeiture of a recognizance or acknowledged debt.

ll. 179, 80, **and make . . . lie**, and force you to confess yourself a monstrous liar.

ll. 182, 3, **and make . . . pillory**, and by your perjury condemn yourself to sit in the pillory and lose your ears. The pillory was a wooden frame with an upright post, to which criminals were fastened for punishment and often condemned at the same time to have their ears hacked off.

l. 185, **Indented . . . too**, complete in form and shape and having the requisite labels for the attesting seals. "Indentures were agreements made out in duplicate, of which each party kept one. Both were written on the same sheet, which was cut in two in a crooked or indented line (whence the name) in order that the fitting of the two parts might prove the genuineness of both in case of a dispute" (Cl. Pr. Edd. on *Haml.*, v. 1. 119). The duplicate parts were called the counterpanes.

ll. 188, 9, **that makes . . . clear**, that proves your title to the property.

l. 193, **deliver'd**, made over to my possession in acknowledgment of your debt; a legal term.

ll. 195, 6, **There is . . . circle**, there is an Act of Parliament dealing with such practices as yours, and one whose penalty you will find is death by hanging.

l. 197, **And now . . . for**, and now that I have thought over the matter.

l. 199, **Would . . . mercy**, would exhaust the whole store of heaven's mercy.

l. 201, **Help . . . two**, confirm with a few oaths.

l. 203, **to dash**, to defeat.

l. 210, **sear'd up**, withered, burnt as with a hot iron, and so made callous.

l. 211, **I know no deeds**, I know nothing about any deeds, *i.e.* if you call upon me as a witness, I shall protest my ignorance of all such deeds.

l. 214, **uncase**, strip you of everything; literally, flay you.

ll. 215–8, "**The idiot . . . drudge.**" Recalling the various terms of abuse which from time to time Overreach had hurled at him.

l. 216, **The property**, the live chattel scarcely of more account in your eyes than a piece of furniture.

l. 219, **anatomize**, rip up and expose, as a surgeon dissects a dead body. Cp. *Lear*, iii. 6. 80, *A.Y.L.*, i. 1. 162.

l. 221, **gabions**, literally wicker baskets filled with earth and used as a defence against artillery ; here the protection afforded him by Wellborn and the servants.

l. 226, **Joint after joint**, limb by limb, as we should say.

l. 231, **who yet alive**, who if they were still alive : **alive** is Gifford's conjecture for *live*.

l. 233, **To take in.** A very common phrase in those days for "to conquer"; cp. *e.g. Cor.*, i. 2, 24, *A.C*, iii. 7. 24 : **Dunkirk**, famous for its privateers so long formidable to our merchant ships ; taken during the Protectorate, and sold again by Charles II. Its fortifications were demolished by treaty in 1712. **come out**, be revealed.

l. 234, **will live**, am determined to live with that object.

l. 236, **should fix here**, *sc* by his rushing singly upon the swords of Wellborn and the servants.

l. 237, **one wound**, one mass of wounds.

l. 238, **But . . . thee**, rather than that I should not reach you, rather than prevent my making my way to you.

l. 239, **bandog**, a fierce kind of dog held in hand or tied up. Originally "*band*-dog."

l. 246, **here**, in my breast.

l. 250, **tame**, no longer fierce.

l. 256, **stuffed . . . bagpipes**, distended as widely as bagpipes when blown out.

l. 257, **bearing dishes**, *i.e.* solid, substantial dishes; cp. Fletcher, *Women Pleased*, iii. 2, "the full fat dish now, the *bearing dish*, is that I reverence."

l. 261, **A lane . . . lord**, make way there for my lord.

l. 264, **allowance**, approval.

l. 265, **As ever . . . reason**, I adjure you by all the soundness of reason that you could ever show.

l. 271, **circumstance**, detail.

l. 274, **for**, in place of.

l. 283, **'sdeath**, see note on iii. 2. 83.

ll. 284, 5, **in all . . . profit**, in all my schemes for wealth : for **passages** see note on iii. 2. 11.

l. 290, **Village nurses**, old crones, foolish old women ; **Village** being used contemptuously by one who thought all wisdom and cunning were to be found in towns.

l. 294, **charity**, love, good feeling.

l. 295, **though . . . here**, though foiled in all your worldly hopes.

l. 298, **create your aims**, shape, fashion, your projects.

l. 301, **And . . . soldier**, and further call upon you by your profession as a soldier ; mention that fact also as an inducement to accept my challenge.

ll. 302, 3, **where . . . way**, *sc.* as in a battle ; hinting that it was only when he found himself surrounded by his troops that he thought himself obliged to make a show of being a brave man : **change**, exchange.

l. 305, **Contest . . . distracted!** would you fight with a madman ? **like him**, as mad as he is.

l. 307, **though . . . odds**, even though one as mighty as Hercules should say that it was no fair encounter.

l. 309, **a Libyan lion.** The lions in Libya, in Africa, were supposed to be the fiercest of their kind ; the name Libya was also given by the Greeks and Romans to the whole continent of Africa : **the toil**, the meshes spread for his capture.

l. 311, **spends itself**, wastes itself in useless efforts.

l. 314, **by my wrongs**, I swear by the injuries done to me.

ll. 316, 7, **if it . . . afflictions**, may well add to my afflictions if, *which I do not believe*, it is possible to add to them : **brave**, fine.

l. 318, **stomach**, appetite.

l. 319, **I do not . . . sauce**, I do not like the accompaniments of this entertainment.

l. 325, **purchase**, see note on iii. 2. 195.

l. 327, **As . . . had**, as no man of position like yours ever had.

l. 330, **The conveyance**, the title-deed by which Wellborn's property had been legally conveyed to Overreach.

ll. 332, 3, **but still . . . blows**, my only rewards from him consisting of the hopes he held out to me for the future and the blows he gave me in the present.

l. 334, **conundrum**, trick, device ; so in Jonson's *The Fox*, v. 7, "I must have my crotchets and *conundrums*," and Massinger's *Bondman*, ii. 3, "I begin to have strange *conundrums* in my head" (both quoted by Skeat). The more usual sense of the word is a riddle, enigma.

l. 341, **basilisk**, a serpent supposed to destroy by its mere looks ; also used for a large piece of ordnance.

l. 342, **If thou . . . ears**, if you are not put in the pillory for your rascality.

ll. 342, 3, **howe'er . . . silenced**, at any rate I will take measures to prevent your indulging in such legal chicaneries.

l. 346, **His conscience . . . prison**, let his guilty conscience be his torture, a torture far worse than any physical imprisonment.

l. 348, **cleaver**, the weapon with which a cook divides joints of meat.

l. 350, **still**, ever : **Come again!** what, has he come again?

l. 353, **physical**, medical.

l. 358, **of pikes**, of pikemen ; the pike or halbert was the great weapon of English infantry in early days : **lined . . . shot**, supported throughout by musketeers.

l. 360, **battalia**, lines drawn up in battle array : **and that routed**, and that being routed.

l. 361, **fall to execution**, proceed to take vengeance in their slaughter.

l. 362, **Some . . . arm**, the ruin of some widow unnerves my arm, paralyses me ; cp. *R. ii.*, i. 2. 47, *R. iii.*, v. 3. 118.

l. 365, **will not**, refuses to be.

l. 369, **ulcerous soul**, soul eaten up with crime.

l. 371, **like to myself**, retaining my old hardihood.

l. 374, **a mittimus**, a writ of confinement ; so called from the words at the beginning, *mittimus ad*, etc., we send to, etc.

l. 375, **Bedlam**, the London hospital for incurable lunatics.

l. 376, **dark room.** This was part of the severe treatment to which lunatics were subjected in days when the disease was less well understood than now. Cp. *T.N.*, iii. 4. 148, "Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound."

l. 382, **I will . . . that**, I will use my interest to procure an order giving you the guardianship of your father.

l. 386, **here's the anchor**, *sc.* Lady Allworth, on whom his hopes are anchored.

l. 388, **allow of**, accept as a decision.

l. 394, **but half made up**, all incomplete in character; cp. *Cymb.*, iv. 2. 109, "Being scarce *made up*, I mean, to man, he had not apprehension Of roaring terrors."

l. 396, **a company**, command of a company in his regiment, a commission as captain.

l. 399, **That may . . . again**, that may restore me to the honourable position I held before I squandered my means in riotous living.

l. 400, **motion**, proposition, suggestion : **wants**, is lacking.

l. 401, **allowance**, approval.

ll. 403, 4, **can be . . . free**, can feel ourselves at ease without the signal to be given by your applause; cp. *Temp.*, *Epilogue*, 4–10.

l. 406, **as you may**, which we think you may justly do, since we are hopeful that our efforts have not been altogether unsuccessful.

l. 408, **might**, power. The lines from "Nothing wants" to the end are in reality the Epilogue.

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